

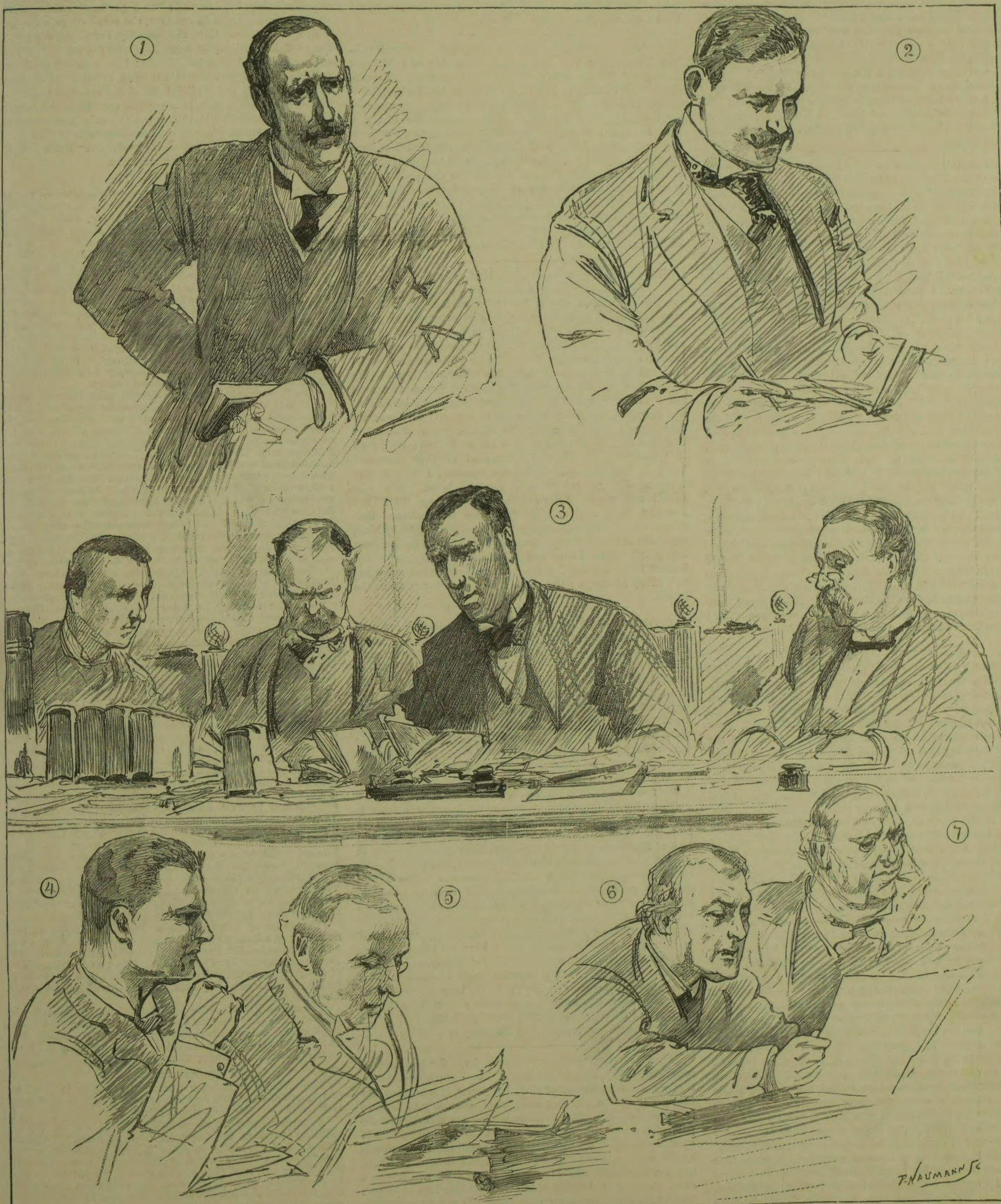
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1889.

TWO } SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6½d.



1. Sir George Chetwynd, Bart.
2. The Earl of Durham.

3. Right Hon. James Lowther, Prince Soltykoff, and Earl of March, Arbitrators.
4. Mr. C. Matthews.
5. Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P.

6. Sir Henry James, Q.C., M.P.
7. Mr. Pollard.

THE CHETWYND AND DURHAM TURF LIBEL CASE: SKETCHES IN COURT.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It has now been discovered by Science—a lady who has always something new to tell us, though it is sometimes rather difficult to believe—that volcanic disturbances produce ill-humour. While Vesuvius is in eruption, she says, all the neighbourhood, even as far as Amalfi, are afflicted with “nervous irritation”—or, in other words, an infernal temper. The Italians, though indolent enough, are, it is admitted, rather “hasty”—quick with their knives; and it is very “soothing,” as Mr. Pecksniff used to say, to find that this is explicable upon scientific grounds. Indeed, I notice that the general bent of Science is now to lay everything criminal, or even culpable, upon Nature: in revenge, perhaps, for the enthusiasm with which poets, painters, and persons not at all scientific have always regarded it. Her last dictum is very hard, however, upon people who do not live in volcanic regions. It seems strange that the discharge of burning cinders should “put out” anybody—one would rather have expected the reverse; but so it seems it is, and if Primrose Hill could only contrive to throw out a cinder or two there would be an excuse for dwellers in the vicinity of the Zoological Gardens for “the word and the blow.” That morals are only a question of climate has long been an accepted dogma with the philosophers, and this new discovery throws a similar light upon the cause of “temper.” As the great principle of heredity accounts for almost all other defects, we may hope, in time, to come to the conclusion that nobody ought, in justice, to be blamed for anything, which will be nearly (though not quite) as good as nobody doing anything wrong.

The vegetarians must no longer imagine themselves the strictest of the Pharisees as to their choice of food. They may be “delicate eaters,” as compared with the devourers of tripe and bullock’s heart; but they are a long way behind Mr. G. F. Train in the way of fastidiousness and abstinence. This gentleman is of opinion that “the less you eat the less you want to eat”—an assertion which, at first sight, seems paradoxical (like that of “the child is father to the man”); but he has really tested it by fasting 144 hours and then not feeling hungry. A good many of us, after such an ordeal, would feel neither hungry nor anything else, for we should be dead men; but G. F. T. was, he assures us, none the worse, but (if such a term can be applied to a gentleman with nothing inside him) “full of beans.” His fast, however, is not absolute; he permits himself to “nibble at bananas, and suck oranges”; but as for animal food, even when he is feasting, his soul revolts at it; and he will only speak of mutton as “scab,” of pork as “trichina,” of beef as “rinderpest,” and of poultry as “pip.” So far, he is with the vegetarians, but he holds them in only less contempt than the flesh-eaters, since they stoop (literally stoop!) to potatoes, beetroot, carrots, turnips, and parsnips—horrible things which “grow underground”! I wonder what this fastidious gentleman would say to the loathsome truffle, which not only grows underground but whose whereabouts is discovered by the pig? To have discovered Mr. G. F. Train is, however, a distinct gain; we had begun to think that we should never get to the lowest rung of the ladder of anti-everything-arianism; but total abstaining at least can surely no further go than in the case of this sage (who, however, declines to be coupled with the onion). His view is that the remedy of all disease is to be found in starvation. If this be so, there are many thousand persons at our very doors (though, alas! we know little of them) who have almost found the elixir of life.

In a country that calls itself patriotic, it is strange indeed what things are permitted to be done to the public injury which would be severely punished if they were attempted upon a private individual. One would imagine under any reasonable system that offences against the common good would meet with a more severe, instead of a lighter, punishment at the hands of anything that called itself a Government; but to rob the country is thought to be almost venial. Now and then, when speculation and waste have passed all bounds in our spending departments, there is an outburst of indignation; but no wrongdoer ever suffers from it, either in purse or person. The last fraud, it seems, that has been committed with impunity is the issue of uneatable bread to the common soldier. Considering that a scarcity of this article was, not so many years ago, almost the cause of revolution, it is amazing what little notice is taken of this villainy: it now only affects poor Tommy Atkins—the man, however, on whom we may one day be indebted for our existence—so nobody takes any notice. Hitherto, a military correspondent of the *Standard* tells us, the bread, or samples of it, used to be brought before the Commissary-General for inspection, but that this is no longer done: perhaps he was expected to taste it, which, since “it is not fit for a dog to eat,” he naturally objects to do. The statement may be an exaggeration, but there is no doubt there is something radically wrong in the matter, at least at many military stations. When bayonets that bend and bread that cannot be eaten are supplied to our soldiers, surely somebody should be punished? Contractors get rich very quickly, but there ought to be some risk about it, as in other callings. The *Standard’s* correspondent appeals to “the Duke.” There was another Duke, to whom a representative of the other side of the question, a contractor, once appealed. It was in Spain, where the Commissariat was very defective. “I wish to say, my Lord, that General Picton has declared that if the provisions are not better supplied he will hang me.” “Indeed,” replied Wellington, drily: “I can only say that I know no man more likely to keep his word than Picton.” I do not recommend that particular method of suspending contractors, but it is surely high time that something should be done to them.

Considering the admirable training and cultivation of all the virtues which our public schools are supposed to give—

including, of course, that mysterious and priceless advantage, “the tone”—it is curious how the advocates of the system lose their tempers when one word is said against it. They might have been educated at private schools, or even at home, to judge by their absence of self-restraint in this matter. The Bishop of Chester has been praising public schools, as a Bishop should do, since the whole Bench is drawn from them, but has ventured to remark that he thinks some boys—of eight, for instance—are sent to these faultless seminaries a little too early; he suggests that the society of their mothers and sisters might be more suitable to them while of such tender years. “Yah, milksop!”—but it is impossible to repeat the terms in which his Lordship has been spoken of for having given this piece of advice, and especially for having applied the expression “barrack life” to the sacred system. It has its advantages, no doubt; but whenever I hear—as I very often do—some autocratic old gentleman, with his eyes half out of his head with a just indignation, saying to a trembling fellow-creature privately brought up, “If it had not been for my public school training, let me tell you, I should not be the man I am,” I always long to ask him, “Do you think you would have been *worse*, Sir?” only I daren’t.

Perhaps the most satisfactory subscription-list ever published, as evidencing the spread of tender and humane feeling and the decay of sectarianism, is the tribute to the memory of Father Damien. Its object, to build a hospital—where it is wanted, I hope, however, and not in this country—for the poor afflicted creatures to whom he sacrificed his life, is just what it should be, and among the names one reads those of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Manning, Mr. Spurgeon, and Mr. John Morley. Scarcely less significant of good is the fact that the demand for the good father’s portrait exceeds that for any of our popular favourites. The actress, the politician, the jockey are “nowhere” in comparison with the desire to possess his homely face. Even the professional beauty has not the attraction of the beauty of holiness as exemplified in Father Damien.

Some excellent journals, on behalf of the well-being of the State, have been expressing a great deal of indignation against the public interest which has been excited by a recent marriage in high life. They say it is monstrous that people should make a fuss about a bridegroom because he is a Duke, and, like the yellow primrose, “nothing more,” and especially inveigh against the “servile crew” who took the horses out of his carriage and dragged it to his “ancestral home.” My withers are quite unwrung in this matter; I was not among the fashionable crowd that thronged “the sacred edifice” at the marriage ceremony (shameful to say, indeed, I was not invited); I did not make one of the “ten thousand” that went to see the happy pair off at Euston; and, even if I had been in the neighbourhood of their ancestral home, I don’t think that, in this weather, I should have volunteered my services as a carriage-horse. But why should not people enjoy themselves as they think fit? For my part, I envy above measure the natures that take pleasure in entertainments and exhibitions of any kind, especially if they are gratuitous. It is one of the recipes for a happy life. That Dukes and other eminent persons do not interest me in a general way is, I am well convinced, a distinct flaw in my character; the more things that interest one the better.

Sometimes—at long intervals—even literary persons are invited on a large card to meet (after dinner, of course) distinguished individuals: Her Transparency the Princess Plantagenet, for instance; and I would give a great deal—not to meet the Princess, for I don’t care twopence about her—but to want to meet her. The proposed interview, unfortunately, appears to me in the highest degree absurd. Why should I want to meet her, and (oh, much more) why should she want to meet me? As I live by bread (with very little butter on it) I protest I cannot conceive of a proposition calculated to give me less entertainment. There will (I say to myself) be a great crush of people, which I hate; indifferent viands, which, even when good, I cannot partake of with impunity at so late an hour; and there is always a difficulty in finding one’s vehicle when one wants (as I always want) to get away. But there are thousands and tens of thousands of my fellow-creatures as good (almost) as myself, who pant to meet Her Transparency, and these I envy exceedingly. They find a hundred pleasures where I find none. Why should patriotic journals hold them up to public detestation? For my part, I would go everywhere and see everything, if I didn’t so much prefer comfort and a little tobacco, with my legs up. Diogenes, no doubt, plumed himself on sticking to his tub; but it would have been much better for him and his digestion to have enjoyed society, and “a little music in the evening.” The happiest people I know are those who, while having plenty of work to do, take interest, when they are not working, in the greatest variety of subjects, “books and mirth, and healthful play,” right down to a “set to” with the gloves, bezique, and the study of heraldry.

When so many people say—let us hope for the sake of something to say, for to mean it would be downright wicked—that short stories are better than long ones, it is curious how they all prefer to buy (or, alas! more commonly to borrow) those originally in three volumes. Inquire within (at the publishers or the libraries) and you will find that books made up of short stories are not nearly in so much demand as novels by the same author. There is no crime in this, and, indeed, much virtue; but why should we go on saying “Give me a short story,” and yet omit to ask for it when it is to be got. The fact is that there never were better short stories than are to be found at present, but there is a prejudice against them like that existing (for a much better reason) against cheroots. It is on this account and no other—for his good wine needs no bush—that I call attention to Mr. Besant’s “To Call Her

Mine, and other Stories”; many will no doubt have read them in the periodicals where they originally appeared, but others will pass them by because of their comparative shortness. Yet if ever “brevity was the soul of wit” it will be found so in their case. In such hot weather as the present, it would be cruel to recommend anything to make folk roar—to shake the diaphragm (there are, fortunately, very few books that do it); but the drollery of these stories is not of the violent kind. It is real humour—not of that dry sort, the author of which seems to be saying to the reader, “This is good enough for you to laugh at, but not for me”—yet something to purr and gurgle over. The scenes in the first story where the Ne’er-do-well drags from the unwilling miser his ill-gotten fortune bit by bit, are excellent; the sympathy one feels for the rogue during those most unjustifiable proceedings seems somehow quite a virtue; while the final punishment that befalls his worthless victim is not only original and unexpected, but conceived in the finest spirit of charity. Perhaps it was only gratitude. “Having found the wretch so useful to my story,” the author may have said to himself, “I really cannot give him his deserts”; but I prefer to put it down to the better motive. It is, however, the third story in the book which is its gem. Here Freemasonry, for the first time, so far as I know, is dealt with in the very spirit of fun. The old gentleman who has lost his official position in “the lodge,” and can no longer hob and nob with members of the Royal family, with his quite pitiful thirst for the champagne that was once his daily drink, is a portrait that Dickens himself—though it is not at all in that great master’s manner—would not have disowned. It is as good as champagne (and, I regret to say, much less unwholesome) to read about “Uncle Joseph.”

THE COURT.

Since her Majesty’s arrival at Balmoral the weather on Deeside has been generally fine, and her Majesty has been out driving on the afternoons of most days. Saturday, June 15, being the anniversary of the death of the Emperor Frederick of Germany, a short memorial service, conducted by the Rev. Archibald Campbell, of Crathie, was held at Balmoral Castle, in the presence of the Queen, Princess Victoria of Prussia, the Princess of Leiningen, and the Royal household. Princess Victoria posted to Braemar to see the apartments at Macnab’s Fife Arms occupied by her father two years ago for a couple of months during his visit to Deeside. The Princess spent some time in the suite of rooms. Divine service was conducted at the castle on Sunday morning, the 16th, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household, by the Rev. James Barclay, of St. Paul’s, Montreal, Canada. Viscount Cross, G.C.B., and the Rev. James Barclay had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters and Prince Albert Victor, left Paris on the night of June 15. Their Royal Highnesses greatly delighted the Parisians by their courtesy and energy, the last day affording a fair example of their activity. In the morning the Prince and Princess, with their son and daughters, visited the Pasteur Institute, and examined with great interest some of the cases. The Royal party then drove to the Exhibition for a farewell visit, and lunched in the Eiffel Tower. At five o’clock they received visitors at the Hôtel Bristol; and then drove to the Bois, where they dined at the Pavillon d’Arménonville. After dinner the Royal party went to the Hippodrome, and thence drove to the railway, where a special train was in readiness. A number of private friends were at the station, and, after taking leave of them, the Royal visitors started for London at midnight. On Sunday morning their Royal Highnesses attended Divine service at Marlborough House. Prince George of Wales inspected the Corps of Commissioners in the morning in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital (Sunday being chosen because the majority of the members are not free on any other day), and briefly addressed them afterwards, and the men had a drum-head Church service on the terrace.—The Prince presided on the 17th at a meeting of the committee for promoting a memorial to Father Damien. His Royal Highness explained the scheme, which embraced three objects—a monument to Father Damien where he was buried; the establishment of a leper ward in London and the endowment of a travelling studentship to encourage the study of leprosy; and a complete inquiry into the question of leprosy in India. Resolutions in support of these objects were passed, after speeches by the Duke of Westminster, Sir J. Paget, Cardinal Manning, and others, and an Executive Committee was appointed. His Royal Highness afterwards presided at a meeting of the Council of the Duchy of Cornwall, at the offices in Buckingham-gate. The Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, was present at the marriage, at St. Peter’s Church, Vere-street, of Miss Alexander Paget (her Royal Highness’s god-daughter), with Mr. Colebrooke, son of Sir Edward Colebrooke.—The Prince and Princess left Marlborough House in the afternoon for Sunningdale Park, Mr. Mackenzie’s place near Ascot; going to the races in “semi-State” on the 18th and 20th, and the Prince going privately to the races on the 19th and 21st. On the 22nd there is to be a Royal picnic at Virginia Water.

The Duke of Edinburgh has arrived at Kissingen, and, according to a Reuter’s telegram, intends to make there a stay of some duration for the purpose of taking the waters. The Duchess arrived at Peterhof on June 13th; and Prince Alfred of Edinburgh arrived at Dresden on the 17th, and was received by Prince Frederick Augustus and Mr. Strachey, the British Chargé d’Affaires.

Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, accompanied by their children, left Windsor Castle on the 14th for the Queen’s Pavilion, Aldershot, where they reside during the Ascot week. Their Royal Highnesses attended the camp service of the Cavalry Brigade on Sunday morning, the 16th.

The Parnell Commission resumed its sitting in the Law Courts on June 18. Among those present were Mrs. Gladstone, Lady Helmsley, and Lady Biddington.

Notwithstanding the threatening appearance of the sky the coaching contest at the Ranelagh Club attracted a large and distinguished gathering on June 15. The £25 prize for the best “turn-out” was awarded by the judges (Viscount Valentia, Lord A. Somerset, and Colonel Armitage) to Sir Savile Crossley. In the driving contest, however, the prize team did not distinguish itself, and the off-leader shying just as it approached the goals nearly brought about an accident. Captain Pryce Hamilton, who drove his team at full gallop and successfully carried off the prize, was greeted with rounds of applause. Amongst those present were Lady Rose Leigh and her sister-in-law, Miss Leigh, Sir Henry Meysey Thompson, Lord Carew, and Lord Harrington.

THE SECRETAN COLLECTION.

Accustomed as we have been of recent years to monster sales of the accumulated treasures of generations of collectors, we may be inclined to depreciate the value of M. Secrétan's Gallery, which is to be sold in Paris on July 1. It is not, however, by the number of the lots offered to the public, but by their individual merits that it will take its place among the most important dispersals of art-treasures of the past half-century. The collection was formed by a man of rare taste and large means, and is especially interesting as showing the direction in which that taste was mainly directed. Most of the pictures have been purchased either direct from the artists or from galleries of which the names are landmarks in the history of art; and although M. Secrétan not unnaturally leans, in accordance with prevailing opinion and fashion, towards modern and contemporary artists, especially towards those of his own adopted country, he did not shut his eyes to the beauties and value of the old masters. It was, however, rather in the Dutch than in the Italian schools that M. Secrétan harvested, and many of the pictures which attracted so much attention and excited such keen competition at the famous Wilson sale will again be offered to the public. Before speaking of these, however, we should mention a fine portrait of Philip IV. in a black velvet doublet, by Velasquez; a "Descent from the Cross," by Tiepolo; and a superb "View of Venice," by Canaletto. Reynolds is represented by two works, one of which, however, is of doubtful authenticity.

Passing to the Flemish and Dutch masters, the gem of the earliest period is the group by Memling, representing the kneeling figure of an ecclesiastic over whom St. John is extending his protection. In the background is the figure of a woman hiding behind the rocks watching and praying whilst St. George is fighting with the dragon. Quentin Matsys, whose works are even more rare than Memling's, is represented by the fine portrait of Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, which once formed part of the Fonthill Collection, and which, we trust, may now return to this country after its long exile. Of Franz Hals there are four specimens, all excellent, and one of them, the "Dutch Family," of the very highest merit. Peter de Hoogh, Van Der Meer of Delft, and Antonio Moro, all of whose works are equally sought after by collectors, are well represented. "Cuyp sketching from Nature" is one of that artist's masterpieces; Gabriel Metz's "Déjeuner," an old woman in a white cap with her cat at her feet, belongs to his best period, and was one of the gems of the Bieren Collection for over a century and a half; whilst Teniers' "Five Senses" has successively passed through the galleries of the Marquis de Beringhen, the Comte du Barry, Lord Dudley, and the San Donato. Of the four pictures by Rembrandt, that of the artist's sister is, in all respects, the most interesting and attractive, on account of the unusual brilliancy of the light thrown upon her striking face. Rubens is represented by the single *chef-d'œuvre*, "David and Abigail," which once formed part of the Methuen collection; and Vandyck by the portraits of Cesare Scaglia and Lady Anne Cavendish, afterwards Lady Rich.

Among the older French masters the most noteworthy names are those of Greuze, Lancret, Drouais, and Fragonard; and it is sincerely to be hoped that the opportunity now offered of acquiring for our own national collection worthy specimens of these masters will not be thrown away. The present policy of the Trustees seems to be wholly expectant with regard to the French School, ancient and modern; but it would be very foolish to lose the opportunity of purchasing a masterpiece in the hope of inheriting some less important specimens at a future day. But the real strength of the Secrétan Gallery lies in its unrivalled modern French pictures; and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that not any artist of first-rate merit is unrepresented.

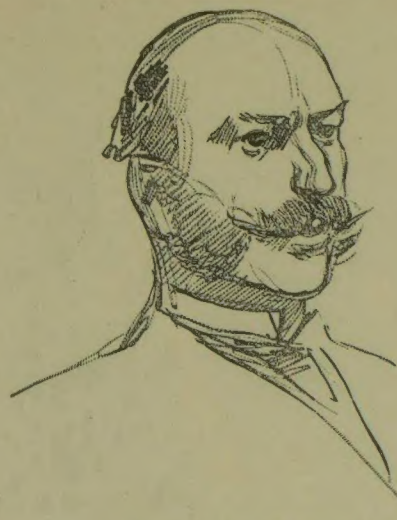
We must take it as a compliment that this section of the collection is inaugurated by a work of Bonington, whom we still regard as our fellow-countryman, in spite of his long sojourn in France, and the early recognition of his talents in that country. Following the order observed in the catalogue, we come upon four specimens of Corot, including his well-known "Biblis," which was exhibited as the artist's great work at the exhibition of the Cent Chefs-d'Œuvre in 1883. Decamps appears both as a painter of animals and of Eastern scenery, in the latter showing the way to a long line of artists who have seldom, except, perhaps, in the case of Henri Regnault, outstripped their leader. Eugène Delacroix was also a many-sided painter, and his "Tiger and Serpents" is almost unrivalled in colour. Diaz can be followed through nearly all the phases of his remarkable career, both as a draughtsman and a colourist, and many will hesitate between the beauties of his "Diana the Huntress" and his "Venus and Cupid," both of which are marvels of skill and beauty. Fromentin, another of the leaders of the Romanticists, is largely represented, and one can realise from his works the dismay he must have caused in the ranks of the Classicists. Of Ingres there is only one example, but it is an excellent one: "Œdipus and the Sphinx," but when we come to Meissonier one is amazed at the variety of the subjects, and, knowing the high prices obtained by the artist, by the lavish patronage of the collector. No less than twenty-four specimens, illustrative of various periods of the artist's career between 1849 and 1882, are to be found in M. Secrétan's collection, including the "Bowl-players at Versailles," in which Meissonier showed his skill in landscape; the "Baiser d'Adieu," which may be regarded as his single attempt to depict passion; and the incomparable "Cuirassiers," or, 1805," which was bought for an almost fabulous price of 400,000 francs. But this price was, if we mistake not, exceeded by that paid for the "Angelus" of J. F. Millet, which is justly regarded as the *chef-d'œuvre* of the modern French school, and which is the gem of the Secrétan collection, and around which French and American amateurs will probably engage in brilliant rivalry. It is needless to add that Troyon, Rousseau, Thirion, Daubigny, and many others are also strongly represented, and that such rare specimens of their works will be doubtless hotly contended.

It remains for us to say a word with reference to the magnificent catalogue of this remarkable collection prepared by Messrs. Boussod Valadon, and Co. (116, New Bond-street). We have been accustomed to sumptuous publications of this sort on previous occasions, but the two volumes now put forward leave all similar attempts in the background. To the great majority of art-amateurs the pictures of the Secrétan Collection will be inaccessible, but to those who desire to have a complete record of its treasures, reproduced in the best style, we can honestly commend this catalogue. Although the issue is necessarily limited, the price at which a copy can be obtained is not beyond the reach of many who take a serious interest in art-matters, and we believe that long after the excitement of the Secrétan sale has subsided the catalogue of this remarkable collection will be highly prized by both artists and amateurs.

We propose on a future occasion to reproduce some of the most prominent pictures of the sale, and we shall then speak more particularly of their individual merits and their position in the history of art.

THE CHETWYND AND DURHAM TURF LIBEL CASE.

On Monday, June 10, in the Queen's Bench Court No. 5, at the Royal Courts of Justice, began the hearing of the action for libel brought by Sir George Chetwynd against the Earl of



LORD ARTHUR SOMERSET.

a libel in a speech made by Lord Durham at the Gimcrack Club, York, on Dec. 13, 1887, charging some owners of racehorses with dishonourable practices. Lord Durham had admitted that his charges were meant to refer to Sir George Chetwynd, as principal owner, the rest including Lord Lurgan, Mr. E. Benzon, Sir G. Arthur, Mr. Hammond, and others, of the horses trained at the Chetwynd House stables, Newmarket, by Mr. Richard George Sherrard; and it was alleged that Mr. Charles Wood, the jockey, late plaintiff in the libel case of Wood v. Cox, was part-owner, with Sir G. Chetwynd, of some of those horses. The defendant had, under the rules of the Court, delivered "particulars of justification," setting forth his



SHERRARD, THE TRAINER.

precise charges against Sir George Chetwynd in a number of instances; but generally to the effect that he caused his horses to run unfairly, and not upon their true merits, not with a view to their winning the races; that he did not back them to win, or intend them to win, and would not be a loser if they were beaten; but that he allowed them to lose, sometimes, in order to get a more favourable handicap of these horses for future races. The relations between Sir George Chetwynd and Charles Wood, in many dealings, were also said to be inconsistent with the proper position and conduct of a jockey. The plaintiff denied that these charges were true.

Evidence was given upon the facts referred to, at great length, by Sir George Chetwynd himself, who was examined by Sir Henry James, and cross-examined by Sir Charles Russell, on three or four successive days; then next witnesses were the trainer, Sherrard, and Wood, the jockey, who denied ever being part-owner, with Sir George Chetwynd, of any horses, and, of course, denied having ever ridden a horse unfairly, or having ever "squared" other jockeys riding against him. Sir George Chetwynd had, until it was forbidden by a rule of the Jockey Club, allowed Wood to have a small portion of bets on horses to be ridden by Wood himself; and Wood had been an owner of horses until the rules were made prohibiting a jockey to own them, when he sold them to the plaintiff. Sir George, in short, considered both Wood and Sherrard to be perfectly honest men, and employed them in buying horses,



MR. E. BENZON.

but in no unfair practices on the turf. This was the gist of the evidence for the plaintiff, without going into the history of the running of particular horses on different occasions, or into that of various bets, loans, and payments of money, which occupied much time in cross-examination.

On the other side, the counsel for Lord Durham, in cross-examining Sherrard and Wood, sought to prove that Wood, having plenty of money of his own, with an income of £6000 a year, though nominally receiving a small salary from Sir George Chetwynd, owned many of the horses in Sherrard's stables; and that his sales of those acknowledged to belong to him were only pretended. Wood was the real owner of the stables, which Sherrard rented of him at £500 a year, but the rent had not been paid for three years. Wood frequently lent various sums of money to Sherrard, and little account was kept of them; he also, on one occasion, lent £300 to his master, Sir George Chetwynd; and there were payments from or through Sherrard to Sir George, which Sherrard could not explain. The manner in which Fullerton was ridden, at Goodwood in 1886, by a lad named Howard, who has said that he was ordered to let his horse drop behind, and in 1887, by Wood, at Lincoln, Newmarket, Manchester, and Epsom, was made a topic of examination. On Monday, June 17, one of the witnesses called was Lord Marcus Beresford, the official starter of the Jockey Club, who described Wood's riding of Fullerton in the race for the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton Park, in 1887; he stated that Wood pulled his horse back, and that he seemed not to be trying to win the race. Since Wood's license was taken away the behaviour of jockeys had greatly improved. Lord Arthur Somerset gave similar evidence concerning Wood's riding of the same horse, then first favourite, in the Autumn Handicap at Newmarket, on Oct. 13, 1887. The Dowager Duchess of Montrose contradicted Sherrard's statements with regard to the circumstances of his quitting the service of herself and her late husband, Mr. Sterling Crawford, at the Bedford Lodge training-stables. The Court adjourned to Saturday, June 22, proceeding with the case for the Earl of Durham.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Mr. Edward A. Colebrooke, elder son of Sir Thomas Edward Colebrooke, Bart., with Alexandra Harriet, daughter of Lady Alfred Paget (and god-daughter of the Princess of Wales), was celebrated on June 17 at St. Peter's Church, Vere-street. The Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and Prince Albert Victor, graced the ceremony by their presence, and among the congregation present were Princess Victor of Hohenlohe and Countess Feodore Gleichen. Sir Everard Doyle attended the bridegroom as best man; and the six bridesmaids, all children, were Miss Dorothy and Miss Lettice Paget, nieces of the bride; Miss Nancy Paget and Miss Dyke, cousins of the bride; Lady Edith Villiers and Miss Beresford. The bride arrived at the church at 2.30, accompanied by Colonel Paget, her brother, who gave her away. Her jewels included a diamond and emerald brooch, the gift of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The service was choral.

Sir James Duke, Bart., was married to Miss Marion Hill, daughter of Mr. Hill, of Terlings Park, Harlow, on June 17, at St. Stephen's Church, Gloucester-road, South Kensington, in the presence of a large gathering of friends. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a costume of white duchesse satin over a petticoat of Brussels lace, tulle veil, and diamond ornaments. There were six bridesmaids—Miss Kathleen Gomme, Miss Gertrude Hill, Miss Maude Hill, Miss Edith Cook, Miss Phyllis Gribble, and Miss Dorothy Hill. They were attired in pretty Directoire dresses of white nun's veiling, faced with primrose velvet, and silk sashes of the same colour, and their bonnets were entirely composed of pale yellow roses. Each wore a diamond horseshoe brooch, and carried a bouquet of tea-roses, the gifts of the bridegroom.

The sum of £405 was cleared by the ball in aid of the funds of Mrs. Black's Cottage Hospital.

Sir James Marshall, late Chief Justice of the Gold Coast Colony, has been created a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great by the Pope, for services rendered to Catholic Missions in West Africa.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts gave a garden-party to meet the members of the American Engineering Societies and the president and council of the Institution of Civil Engineers, at Holly Lodge, on June 17, when between six and seven hundred guests assembled.

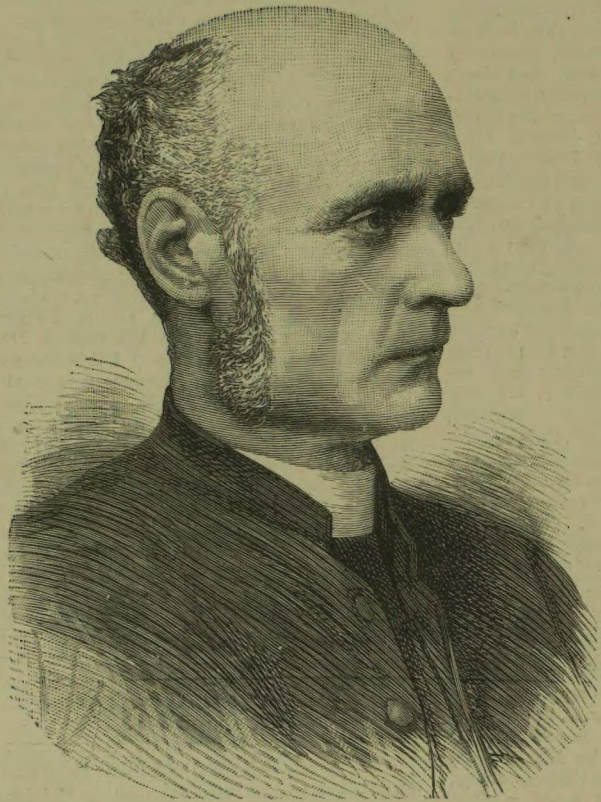
An official inquiry has been opened at Shoreditch by direction of the Charity Commissioners, in reference to the various parochial charities in the parish of St. Leonard, Shoreditch. It is conducted by Mr. G. G. Greenwood, Assistant-Commissioner.

Lord Dunraven's Valkyrie easily won the race for yachts exceeding twenty tons rating at Queenstown on June 17, her time being 5 h. 37 min. 10 sec. for the course of about forty miles. Irex went aground early in the race, and remained fast for several hours.

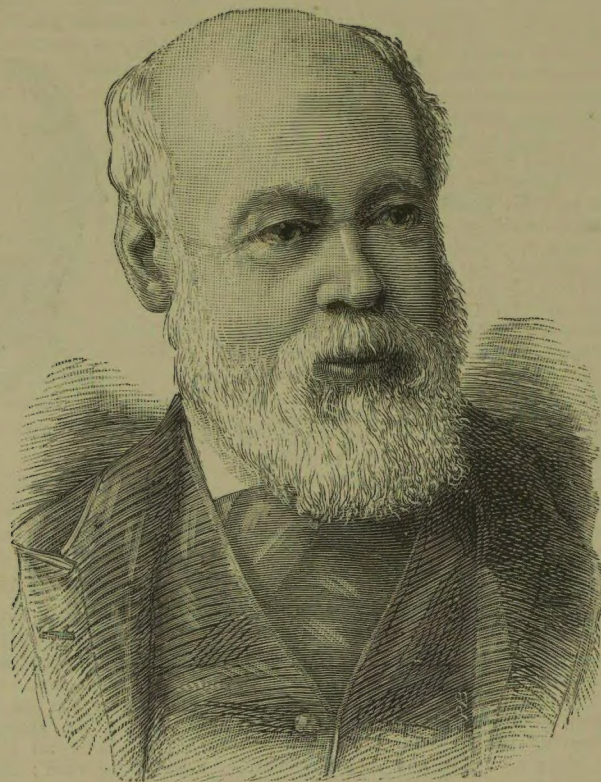
Dr. Nansen, the eminent explorer, whose journey across Greenland was recently described, has arrived in London, and is to be present, on June 22, at the conversazione of the Royal Geographical Society at Willis's Rooms; and, among other things, will exhibit the "ski," or snow-shoes, on which he performed the journey across Greenland. On June 24 he will appear at the meeting of the Geographical Society, and give a detailed account of his journey.

At a meeting of the Royal Botanic Society, Regent's Park, held on June 15, Earl Annesley in the chair, Dr. Prior made some remarks upon the dourra (sorghum), a grain-yielding plant cultivated in most tropical countries, and highly esteemed for its fattening properties. The stems are now largely used in the making of brooms and brushes, while the whole plant contains more or less saccharine juice, and has been used more or less in the manufacture of sugar.—At a subsequent meeting of the council it was resolved that the evening fête should be held on July 3 as originally arranged.

From the report relative to the Nightingale Fund it appears that from the opening in June, 1860, of the School for Probationer Nurses, in St. Thomas's Hospital, to the end of 1888 a total of 965 candidates have been admitted, and 578 have, after completing a year's training, received appointments in some public hospital or infirmary, or other institution for the benefit of the sick poor. The course of training and instruction of the probationers hitherto pursued has been continued without any change; and, as the Council believe, with equally beneficial results. The fact that a smaller number of probationers have failed than in the previous year appears to indicate a more successful selection of the candidates. With respect to the practical work of the probationers as assistant Nurses, Miss Pringle, the matron, observes in her report to the Council that she considers the training afforded by the Sisters to be careful, and, in some respects, very skilful, and that it would be hard to find Sisters more industrious, more conscientious, and more devoted to their work.



THE NEW DEAN OF NORWICH, ARCHDEACON LEFROY.



THE LATE SIR CHARLES LANYON, OF BELFAST.

THE LATE SIR CHARLES LANYON.

The death of this eminent civil engineer and architect, who had long occupied an important position in the North of Ireland, was recently announced. As county surveyor for Antrim, to which office he was appointed about fifty years ago, he designed and executed roads and bridges of great utility, while he erected in Belfast the County Jail and County Court-House, which are connected by an arched passage under the Crumlin-road; the Custom-House, the Queen's College, the Presbyterian College, and the Deaf and Dumb Institution. He was also chief engineer for the group of railways—the Belfast and Ballymena, the extension to Ballymoney and Coleraine, the Carrickfergus and Larne, and the Cookstown Extension—now comprised under the title of the Northern Counties Railway. In conjunction with Mr. Bateman, of Manchester, he carried out the Woodburn Water-Supply Scheme—a truly great work in its day, but subsequently inadequate for the increasing demands of Belfast. Many of the residences of county families, not only in Antrim, but throughout Ulster, were either built or remodelled under his directions. He was M.P. for Belfast from 1866 to November, 1868, and High Sheriff of Antrim in 1876; also a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant. The honour of knighthood was conferred on him about twenty years ago. Sir Charles Lanyon was for a time President of the Royal Institute of Architects in Ireland, and was also a member of the Institute of British Architects and the Institute of Civil Engineers. As a Freemason, he was Grand Master of the Province of Ulster for some time. One of his sons, the late Sir Owen Lanyon, was

distinguished in the Colonial and military service, and was Administrator of the Transvaal in 1879.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. James Magill, of Belfast.

THE NEW DEAN OF NORWICH.

The Venerable William Lefroy, M.A., Incumbent of St. Andrew's, Liverpool, and Archdeacon of Warrington, has been appointed to the Deanery of Norwich. Mr. Lefroy, who is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, was in 1866 presented to the incumbency of St. Andrew's, Liverpool, by the late Bishop Jacobson, of Chester. In 1880 he was appointed Hon. Canon in the new diocese of Liverpool, in 1884 Rural Dean of South Liverpool, and in 1887 Archdeacon of Warrington. For some years he was a prominent member of the Liverpool School Board.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker-street.

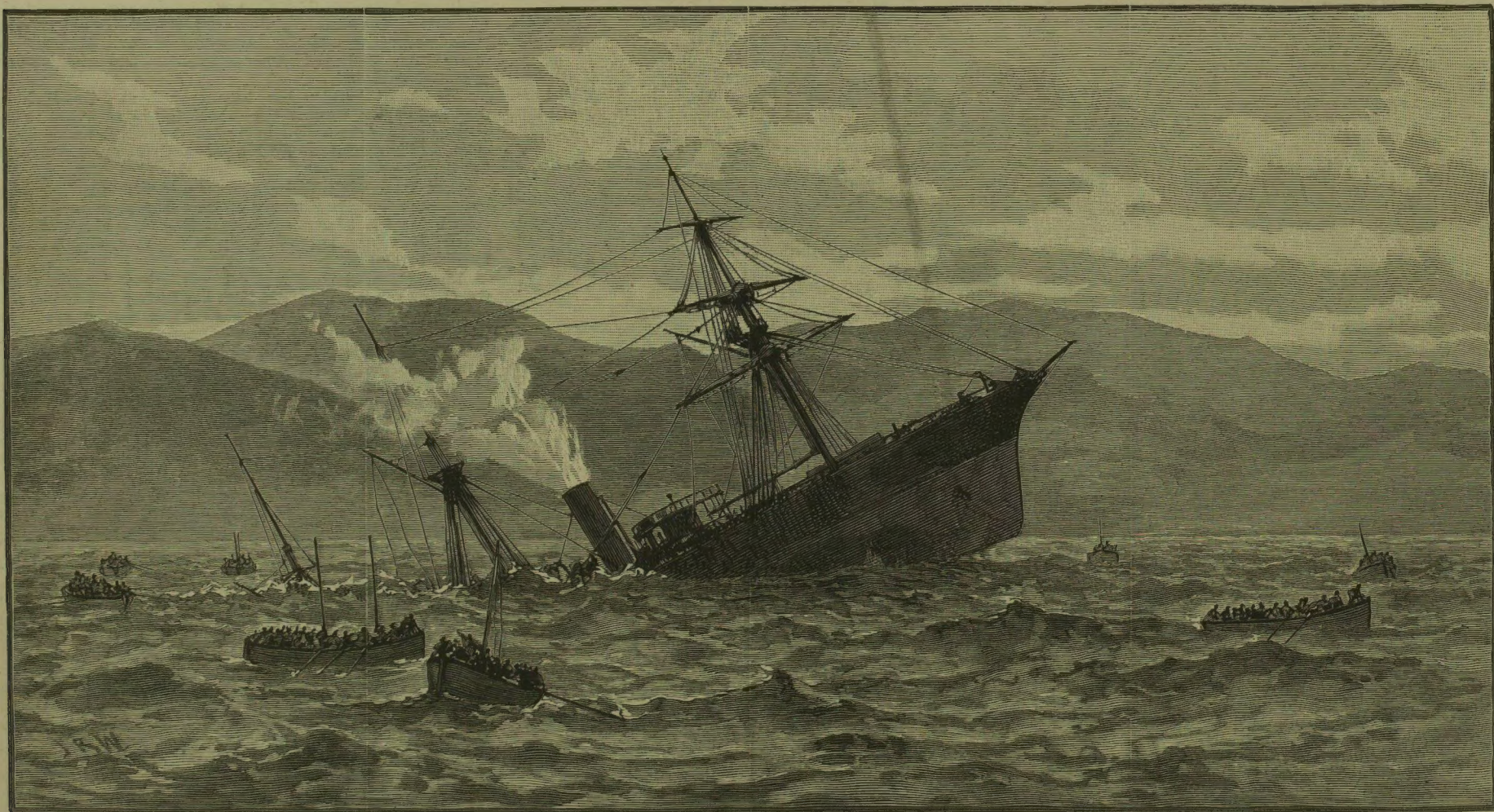
Whitfield's Tabernacle, Tottenham-Court-road, which was built in 1756 for Whitfield, had to be closed on Sunday, June 16, in consequence of the serious sinking of the foundations.

Lord Wolseley acted as chief umpire at Aldershot on June 17 in the longest and most important of the manoeuvres held near the camp since Sir Evelyn Wood has been in command. Sir Evelyn Wood commanded the invading, or southern, and General Philip Smith the northern, or defending force. The manoeuvres lasted from early in the morning till nearly eleven o'clock.

WRECK OF THE STEAM-SHIP COTOPAXI.

The loss of this fine ship, which belonged to the Pacific Steam-Ship Navigation Company, and was commanded by Captain Hayes, was related some weeks ago. The disaster took place in Smythe's Channel, outside of the Straits of Magellan, in latitude 48 deg. 44 min. south; longitude, 74 deg. 25½ min. west. The ship, after striking on a rock, sank very quickly, but the crew and two hundred passengers were saved. One of the passengers, Don Domingo De Toro Herrera, brother-in-law to the President of Chile, made a sketch which, on his landing at Valparaiso, was given to our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior. An official inquiry has been held at Liverpool, under the Merchant Shipping Act; and the judgment was delivered, on June 12, by the Stipendiary Magistrate. He said that the Court were of opinion that the master was justified, the weather being clear, in navigating the vessel at full speed; and the second officer was on the lookout on the bridge. The rock was not marked on the Admiralty chart. There was no default on the part of the master and the second officer, or either of them, in regard to any of the above matters. The Court, however, desired to express a highly favourable opinion of the discipline shown by the master, officers, and crew of the ship in getting the passengers away so speedily from the sinking vessel without loss of life. The Magistrate, addressing Captain Hayes, said, "I hope you will get another ship."

The Queen has forwarded her annual subscription of £20 to the Incorporated Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes, of which her Majesty is a patroness.



SINKING OF THE STEAM-SHIP COTOPAXI IN THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

FROM A SKETCH BY A PASSENGER.

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

WAITING FOR THE BRIDE.



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING THE CHURCH.

MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND AT ST. PETER'S CHURCH, EATON-SQUARE.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Well bronzed were the majority of Lords and Commons when business was resumed after the Whitsuntide recess. With fittings, indeed, to pleasant Ascot Heath during the Royal race-meeting to temper the debilitating heat of Parliament, legislators may well have forsaken country seats and seaside resorts without much reluctance. The Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Smith and Mr. John Morley, looked particularly well after their holiday; the veteran Leader of the Opposition in the Lower House, embrowned by his yachting trip off the Devon and Cornish coasts, seeming younger than ever in his light grey summer suit, and flower in button-hole, as usual.

The cool grey suits of Sir Edward Clarke and Baron Henry De Worms (complacently beaming as if his Sugar Bill had been a success instead of a failure) gave relief to the rather closely-packed Treasury bench on the Seventeenth of June, the day the Commons reassembled under the presidency of their cycle-loving Speaker, who was in good voice, and evidently in good health. May it be inferred, by-the-way, from the right hon. gentleman's recent velocipede speech that he agrees to differ from the Poet Laureate's dictum, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay"?

Mr. Smith, solemn though sun-tanned in face, quietly but firmly handled the reins on the reopening Monday. In the first place, the First Lord of the Treasury secured, after some demur from Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Bradlaugh, and stern and implacable Mr. Conybeare, the adoption of his motion that for the remainder of the Session Government business should have precedence on Tuesday. The Leader of the House drew ironical cheers and laughter from the Opposition when he announced that the Sugar Bill would not be proceeded with this Session. The Government will press forward their seasonable Drainage and Railway Bills for Ireland, and their comprehensive Scottish Local Self-Government Bill; and the House generally heard with satisfaction Mr. Smith's expression of the hope that the prorogation would take place earlier this year than has been the case in recent Sessions.

Mr. A. Akers-Douglas, the principal Conservative "whip," had reason to look exultant when he read the numbers of the first division after the Recess. The genial and stalwart member for East Kent could with difficulty restrain a smile of triumph when he informed the Speaker that there were 223 votes for Mr. Smith's motion and but 45 against—a good round majority of 178. Having such figures to conjure with, the Secretary for War, in Committee of Supply, had no difficulty in defeating Mr. Labouchere, and in obtaining the votes of £76,000 for the Yeomanry and £742,000 for the Volunteers, in addition to £57,200 for Army Chaplains, £299,500 for the Army Medical Establishment, and £527,002 for the Militia. That's the way the money goes!

Whilst debonair senators were witnessing the race for the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, won by Fortune's prime favourite with the redoubtable Donovan, hon. members performing their duty in the House evinced their public spirit by catechising more or less omniscient Ministers as to the condition of Swaziland; as to the muzzling and detention of mad dogs; as to the London tramcar-men's too long hours of work; as to the coming Naval Review, and as to the serviceable Mining Royalties Commission, which the Government have had the good sense to appoint. These questions disposed of, Lord George Hamilton was as fortunate as Mr. Stanhope in getting a number of Navy votes sanctioned, the First Lord of the Admiralty securing several million after but little discussion.

The House of Lords returned to business on the Eighteenth of June; and dispatch-loving Lord Halsbury promptly showed he was quite equal to his reputation for celerity in legislation. Their Lordships only sat for twenty-five minutes, but in that time they advanced many private measures a stage, including the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Steamboats Bill; read the second time the Friendly Societies Act Amendment Bill and the Passengers Acts Amendment Bill; passed the Hares Preservation Bill; and learnt from Lord Torrington the measures to be adopted to prevent the spread of ophthalmia in the schools at Hanwell. And so runs the world away in Parliament.

The installation of the Dean of St. Asaph took place at a special service in the cathedral on June 14.

Ten steamers arrived at Liverpool in the week ending June 15 with live stock and fresh meat from American and Canadian ports, the total arrivals being 3568 cattle, 310 sheep, and 12,812 quarters of beef.

The annual shooting-match between representative teams of the counties Devon, Middlesex, and Gloucester took place on June 17 at the Dunball range, Bridgwater. The Devon team won with a total of 1730, Middlesex scoring 1708, and Gloucester 1706.

In the night of June 17 there was a remarkable catch of mackerel off Teignmouth and in Babbacombe Bay, some of the boats returning with 30,000 each. The fish were very small, and of the class locally known as "josies." The glut in the market resulted in the fish being sold for 1d. per dozen.

The Bishop of Rochester, on June 17, consecrated the church of the Lady Margaret, built in Chatham-street, Walworth. The church is the outcome of the St. John's College, Cambridge, mission work at Walworth, which was commenced in 1884. The site, which covers 1977 square yards, has been given by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; and the church, which is of the simple Early English order of architecture, and will accommodate 500 persons, has been erected at a cost of £4500.

Great alarm was occasioned at Aston New Town, Birmingham, on June 16, by the bursting of one of the Corporation water-mains. The main is 2ft. 6in. in diameter, and it gave way at the corner of High-street and Whitehead-street, an immense hole being excavated by the water, which poured through in a huge column with such force as to be carried over several adjoining houses sixty feet high, the back portion of a row of houses in the rear being wrecked. The adjacent streets and houses were flooded, and several persons had narrow escapes of losing their lives.

June 18 being Waterloo Day, there was opened at Edinburgh with some ceremony a Naval and Military Exhibition which, apart from its intrinsic merits, is worthy of note as being the first display of the kind ever organised in this country. The opening ceremony was performed by the Lord Provost of the city, with whom were the other magistrates and the members of the Town Council, all wearing their robes of office. The exhibition occupies the galleries of the Royal Scottish Academy; but the function took place in the National Galleries, where a large and fashionable gathering assembled. At Wellington College the anniversary was celebrated as Speech Day, and after the prizes and distinctions gained by the scholars had been distributed, Viscount Wolsley addressed the boys, congratulating them upon the credit many of them had done the college, and urged them, whatever might be their career in life, to start with the idea of being gentlemen in their feelings and in all their dealings with others.

MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

The marriage of the Duke of Portland to Miss Winifred Dallas-Yorke, only daughter of Mr. Dallas-Yorke, of Walmsgate, Lincolnshire, was partly described in our last. This wedding took place on Tuesday, June 11, at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square. A great crowd assembled outside the church, but admittance could be gained only by those having invitations or tickets. The whole of the nave and transepts, and the first row of the gallery, were reserved for the families and friends of the bride and bridegroom. The church was beautifully adorned with white flowers and palms; two bamboos (brought from Chatsworth) formed an arch over the bride and bridegroom at the chancel steps. By twelve o'clock the church was quite filled, many of those invited being unable to find seats.

The Duke of Portland entered the church by way of the vestry, and took up his position with his brother, Lord Henry Bentinck, who acted as "best man," at the chancel steps. Before the entrance of the wedding party, Mr. Hoyte, organist of All Saints' Church, Margaret-street, played soft voluntaries. The bride arrived at half-past twelve, accompanied by her parents. Awaiting the bride, just inside the church door, were two little pages of exactly the same height—Lord Haddon, son of the Marquis of Granby; and the Hon. Ivan Hay, son of Lord Kilmarnock—who wore mediæval costumes. Each carried a little silver sword, the gift of the bridegroom.

There were nine bridesmaids—namely, Lady Ottoline Bentinck, sister of the bridegroom; the Hon. Katherine Russell; Miss Alice Grenfell, cousin of the bride; the Misses Violet and Hyacinth Cavendish-Bentinck, and Miss Pollard, cousins of the bridegroom; Lady Victoria Marjorie Manners, daughter of Lord and Lady Granby (aged five); the Hon. Eileen Elliot, daughter of Viscountess Melgund (aged four); and Miss Elsie Graham, cousin of the bride (aged three).

The six elder bridesmaids wore quaint dresses, copied from a picture of Margaret, second Duchess of Portland, the lady celebrated by Prior as "My noble, lovely little Peggy." The three younger bridesmaids' dresses were of the same period as those of the pages. One of the bride's ornaments was a row of large pearls with a single drop, worn round the throat. This is one of the Duke's family treasures, having once belonged to Queen Mary, wife of William III.

The Bishop of Lincoln performed the service, assisted by the Rev. John Storrs, Vicar of the parish, and the Rev. J. Butterwick, chaplain to the Duke of Portland. Mr. Dallas-Yorke gave his daughter away. Mr. D. Manby Sergison, the organist of St. Peter's, and his choir performed the musical portion of the service. As the Duke and his bride slowly quitted the church Mr. Hoyte played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March."

Viscount Cranbrook placed his house in Grosvenor-crescent at the disposal of Mr. and Mrs. Dallas-Yorke for the wedding breakfast. In the rear of the house a marquee had been erected, which was elaborately decorated. The wedding presents were displayed in the drawing-rooms. At half-past two o'clock the Duke and Duchess of Portland took leave of their friends, and, amidst a shower of rice and ringing cheers from the multitude assembled outside, started for Welbeck Abbey, Worksop, where they met with an enthusiastic reception on their arrival in the evening. The streets of Worksop were gaily decorated, and lined by thousands of people. The bride and bridegroom were escorted to Welbeck Abbey by mounted tenantry and the Sherwood Rangers.

PERSIAN LUSTRE WARE.

After an interval which will not be regretted by those who can appreciate the difficulties of such a work, Mr. Henry Wallis has completed Part III. of his "Notes on Early Persian Lustre Ware" (Bernhard Quaritch, London). The discoveries of M. Dieulafoy, which are now arranged in the Suse Gallery at the Louvre, permit us to hazard with greater confidence a conjecture as to the date and origin of this phase of ceramic art. The glazed pottery unearthed by that intrepid explorer and his no less distinguished wife has been assigned to the period anterior to the conquest of Persia by the Arabs, and, consequently, to a time when Christianity was, nominally at least, the State religion. In spite, however, of the Christian symbolism suggested by the most important piece in the Suse collection, Mr. Wallis is inclined to attribute the discovery or application of lustre ware to Egypt—whither it may possibly have come from Greece, and first came into use shortly before the sixth century, as an interesting specimen obtained by Mr. Wallis from the ancient city of Fostat (destroyed A.H. 564) would seem to testify. This conclusion shows the modification of Mr. Wallis's opinions since the appearance of the first part of his notes, his preference then leading to ascribe to lustre ware a purely Oriental origin—Persia or Constantinople. There is, however, no doubt that the fancy or imaginative power of Persian artists has given to this branch of ceramic ware the qualities which we most admire; and that for all, except the most critical, admitted Persian work will always be most highly esteemed, and especially such as can be assigned to the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries. It will doubtless, too, be a source of much comfort to many self-tormenting "aesthetes" to know, on Mr. Wallis's authority, that there is every reason to believe that lustre ware was mainly regarded as decoration—"was carefully hung on the wall, and nowise considered as utensils of domestic life." We must not omit to express our admiration of the plates which accompany Mr. Wallis's notes. They are not only drawn with rare taste and accuracy, but the colour-printing, which we assume to be that of Mr. W. Griggs (Elm House, Peckham), reflects the highest credit on that artist, and shows what a pitch of delicacy and refinement this work has reached in English hands.

The Dewsbury Town Council have decided to buy the Crow Nest estate, at the price of £20,000, for a public park.

An anti-slavery society, founded by the Hungarian Major Charles De Dobner, has just been registered at Vienna. Major De Dobner proposes to raise an armed corps of 2000 men for the suppression of the slave trade in Africa.

At Oxford University, Mr. Mowatt, M.A., Fellow of Pembroke College, has been elected by Convocation a Curator of the Bodleian Library, in the room of the late Professor Chandler; a Modern History Exhibition has been awarded, at Merton College, to Viscount St. Cyres, a Commoner of the College; and Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc., has been elected to the Professorship of Music rendered vacant by the death of Sir F. Gore-Ouseley.

In the presence of the Duchess of Albany and a large number of friends of the institution, Lord Napier of Magdala presided on June 18 over the thirty-fourth annual meeting of the Soldiers' Daughters' Home at Hampstead. Considerably over 1000 children, of whom 511 have been placed in domestic service, have been maintained and educated in the home since it was opened by the Prince Consort in 1855. At the present moment there are 161 girls in the institution. The principal feature in connection with the proceedings was the distribution of prizes by the Duchess of Albany.

THE ROMANCE OF OLD SHOES.

The curious development of exhibitions which at Dresden and elsewhere has recently taken the form of old shoes more or less remarkable for their associations, sets one thinking what a notable collection might be made could imagination be transformed into reality. After all, famous footgear has a romance of its own. Prose writers and poets have chronicled to a vast extent that which clusters round gloves, which, by-the-way, the Germans call "hand-shoes." But that shoes have been unduly neglected, despite their claims, can be made very clear by a little study of the subject.

If such an exhibition as one's dreams and memories can shape—a cosmopolitan one of course—were actually before our bodily eyes, what an array of associations, some infinitely pathetic, some infinitely fantastic, and all a mixture of grave and gay, would be recognised! Mingled and diversified, indeed, would be the emotions of the gazers at that collection of ancient footgear (for we must use a word which will embrace boots, shoes, and slippers)—aye! and sometimes thoughts that lie "too deep for tears" may be aroused even by such prosaic and unpretending objects as a pair of old and disused shoes.

Where shall the imagination, once the reins are laid upon its neck—and this is indispensable—wander first in such a dreamland? Place *aux dames* is as good a rule as any. Here, then, are the shoes brave in the mingled roses of the masterful Tudor Queen. These are the same which Elizabeth wore what time young Raleigh, fresh from his dreams of fame in Oriel's classic shades, flung his new mantle across the puddle to save the Royal feet from a wetting. For certain, his eyes, modestly downcast after that first upward glance at Majesty's gracious smile, were fixed on these shoes and drew brightest promise from them, much thereof to be fulfilled, yet never saw the long captivity in the Tower and the scaffold in Old Palace Yard. And hard by would be the trim and new slippers to match the stately toilet for death which Mary of Scotland wore as she swept with majestic step into the great hall at Fotheringay. Full of associations as are these two Queens' foot-gear, there are shoes next to them of a third's, which surely are mute symbols of such an intensity of tragedy which was to turn Burke's morning star, glittering with light and splendour, and joy, into "the Niobe of Queens" with hair "grey, but not with time," as has never been surpassed in the history of the world. Here are the worn-out shoes which were the last to enclose the feet of her whom Carlyle calls "the Queen of the World," when in "mean weeds which her own hands had mended," she mounted the tumbril amid "a sea of maniac heads, the air deaf with their triumph-yell," for that last journey whose goal was to be only the ending of her unutterable woes under Sanson's axe. And as in this world the most vivid contrasts ever lie together, close by Marie Antoinette's shoes lies a little one, torn to ribbons—that which beautiful Georgiana of Devonshire kicked off with a merry laugh when canvassing Westminster for Fox, and cried, "See how I go barefoot to serve my friends!" And once again, from gay to grave, here is an ancient shoe of the thirteenth century fashion, which recalls the memory of Gertrude Von der Wart, she who when her husband was slowly dying on the wheel on the charge of treason, climbed amid the jeers of the Empress and her Court to his side, and for lack of better vessel brought water for his parched lips in this shoe, and stayed by him, wiping from his brow through all that night the sweats of agony till in the dawn he turned his dying eyes with gratitude unspeakable on her dear face, and whispered with his last effort, "Kiss me, Gertrude; this is love till death!"

Turn we to a batch of male footgear, of which every wearer has shared Royal blood. A crowd of memories and of vicissitudes are gathered here. The riding-boots of Charles I., worn in that incognito journey with Buckingham to Spain—a madcap freak with no grim shadow perceptible of that window at the banqueting-house for ever to be remembered. A clouted pair "of old patched shoon" supplied by the trusty Penderells, which encased the fugitive feet of Charles II. in the oak at Boscobel—a sufficient reminder of ups and downs to make Charles averse as he told his gloomy and vindictive brother "to go on his travels again." Were those "clouted shoon" ever remembered amid the costly follies of Whitehall, when sailors were starving unpaid, and no paper was available on the Council table, as the official providing it had spent all his own money and could get none from the Treasury? And what memories of high hope and youthful beauty and chivalrous presentment all blotted out in a dishonoured age cluster around this other pair of Stuart footgear! Here are the brogues worn by Bonnie Prince Charlie when, with the white rose in his bonnet, he led his Highlanders to their brief and brilliant victories, and, for a short hour, seemed once more to approach an ancestral throne. Last on the Royal list stand a big pair of easy slippers, grotesque enough, yet symbols of tremendous tragedy great as any which were the themes of the Greek poets. These *pantoufles* were those which Arnault in his "Souvenirs d'un Sexagénaire" tells us he saw on the feet of the unhappy Louis XVI. on that October night in 1789 when he hurried in, "having just removed his riding-boots," to receive, with the Queen and Dauphin, the delirious homage of the white cockaded troops in the Versailles theatre, to taste the last delusive hope of loyalty, which next day brought the fierce thousands of Paris down on Versailles in vengeance.

And lastly, for our miscellaneous specimens, we can find different suggestions and memories enough in what, with the mind's eye, we see. The shoes—with perhaps significant brown stains upon them—which the Calais executioner "slipped off" when Anne Boleyn's eyes still followed him round the scaffold, so that stepping behind her he could sweep off her head with his dreadful sword. The English riding-boots which Philippe Egalité, the Mephistopheles of the Revolution, grimly bade the executioner wait till he was guillotined to pull off. The big dilapidated shoes which in Samuel Johnson's days of bitterest poverty at Oxford were not bad enough to induce his gallant heart in its noble independence to accept a new pair from pity. The pair worn by "Roland the Just, with ribbons in his shoes," which made the horrified courtiers presage revolution indeed. The weather-beaten and unsound pair in which, through the slush and snow of that bleak January night in 1814, Edmund Kean, "wishing he were going to be shot," trudged to Drury-Lane as his last chance, to return some hours later mad with triumph, and already beginning that magnificent and miserable career which is unequalled in its intensity of contrast. The stout jack-boots of grim Oliver, when, disguised as a trooper, he took from the messenger's saddle-flaps at the old Holborn inn the secreted letter which indirectly sent Charles I. to the scaffold. The Hessian boots which thousands of playgoers in our grandfathers' days remembered with delight as worn by Liston in "Paul Pry." The elaborate and ample rosetted shoes wherein Hatton "capered nimbly" before Elizabeth's admiring eyes until he danced himself into the Chanceryship. And the little high-heeled satin slippers of some reigning toast of Queen Anne's days which were used by her enthusiastic admirers as goblets wherefrom to drain bumpers to her health—a fact with which we may finally confront any who avow that no romance can be connected with old shoes. F. G. W.

BELFRY LEGENDS.

In all ages and in all climes the music of bells has been blended with the poet's inspired melodies. Back through the corridors of time do the voices of the bells echo; but it is in vain that the antiquary endeavours to fix the date when first their music fell on the enchanted ear.

In the worship of the gods, they shone in the hands of the Priest of Proserpine; they gleamed and tinkled on the vestments of the Jewish High Priest; Greeks, Romans, and Christians used them. Amid the shouts of victory they were heard as the Roman general's triumphant chariot passed majestically along—heard in tones of warning, for they were hung upon the chariot to remind the elated victor that, even in this hour of supremacy, he still was subject to the laws of Rome.

That glittering pageant fades from our sight, and again we hear the sound of bells as they jangle on the necks of a band of Roman criminals going to the place of execution.

Coming nearer to our own times, what memories crowd around the belfry-tower, "like the rooks that round it throng"—memories blent with joy or fraught with terror, as in thought we hear the clash of joy-bells in the sunny air, proclaiming peace on earth; or, in the stillness of the night, start as the ominous booming of a bell recalls that early August morning when, from the tower of St. Germain l'Auxerrois the signal was given, and the fearful massacre of St. Bartholomew commenced a minute after, and the streets of Paris were strewn with the mangled corpses of defenceless Protestants, lured to their death by the base treachery and the fanatical hate of Catherine de Medici, whose heartless utterance: "*Aujourd'hui il y a de l'humanité à être cruel, de la cruauté à être humain*," was taken up by a maddened populace as they hurled their victims from the windows on to the stones below, while the King himself stood at a window of the Louvre and fired on those of his miserable subjects who fled from the assassin's knife. From this "tale of terror told in the startled ear of night" we turn shuddering away, while perchance across the shadowland of our own past we hear some dear remembered chime, recalling hours when our "careless childhood strayed a stranger yet to pain." We see once more the grey village

tower, nestling amid the trees, or the stately cathedral spires of the sleepy red-brick city that was once the only world we knew.

The great Napoleon was always deeply affected by the sound of bells, and it is recorded that when at Malmaison, while walking in the avenue which leads to Ruel, talking vehemently of ambitious projects of future conquest, the sound of the not distant village bells was suddenly heard. Napoleon stopped in the middle of a sentence, and signed to his listener to keep silence. With evident emotion the French Cæsar drank in those peaceful tones, while a smile lit up his pale face and played around his hard, determined mouth; then, as the last vibration of the bells died away, he turned, and in broken accents said, "That recalls to me my first years at Brienne!"

Although it is unknown when bells were first used, it has been pretty clearly shown that here in Britain they were first heard in the seventh century, though the oldest dated bell in England, according to Mr. Ellacombe, is at St. Chad's, Cloughton, and bears date 1296.

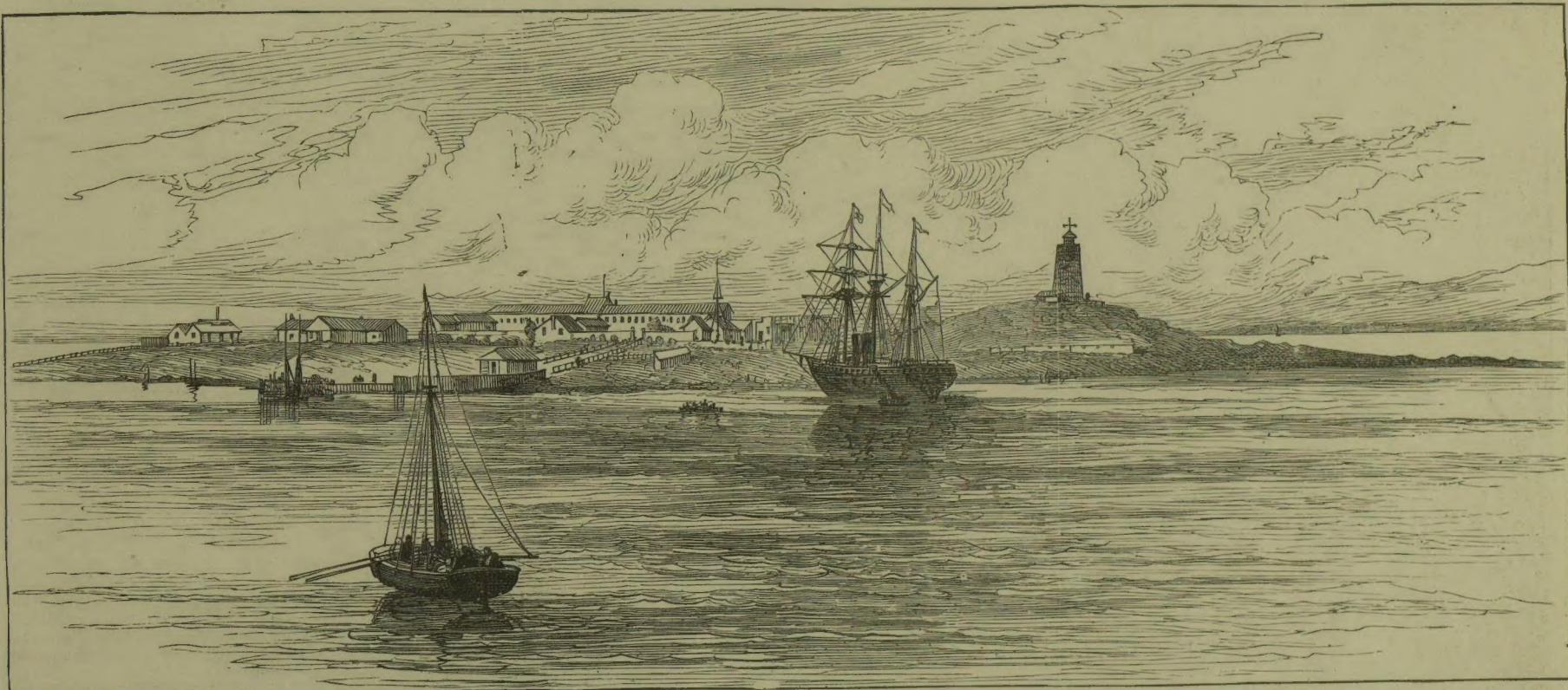
The first English bell-founder was Roger Ropeforde, of Paignton, Devon, who flourished in 1282. Since that time England has gained the foremost rank in the art of bell-founding as she is *facile princeps* in the mysteries of change-ringing. But though we are renowned for the workmanship and tone of our bells, Russia and China have produced the largest bells. Indeed our biggest, "Great Paul," is a pigmy beside "Tzar Kolokai," the bell of Moscow, for the former weighs only a little over sixteen tons while the Russian bell is said to be 250 tons. It is, in fact, the largest bell in the world, and forms the dome of a chapel, for in 1737, during a fire, a piece of the bell, weighing eleven tons, was broken out and the mighty bell itself came crashing to the ground, and lay for a century imbedded in the earth. In 1837 a chapel was constructed by excavating beneath the fallen bell. Four gigantic bells at Nankin, in China, one of which weighed 50,000 lb., brought the tower that contained them headlong to the ground by their immense weight. It is not likely that we shall attempt to construct such cumbersome monsters, for the all-sufficient reason that to get a perfect tone from a bell it must be *swung*, an impossibility with these

Russian and Chinese bells, which are always *struck* while fixed to frames.

It is not matter for wonder that bells, which through the ages have mingled their voices with our daily cries of hope or fear, of sorrow or delight, should have been the subject of many a poetical myth, the object of many a superstitious belief. Thus, from a multitude of legends, we gather these:—

Clothaire II., King of France, A.D. 615, when at Sens, in Burgundy, heard a bell which from the tower of St. Stephen's Church gave forth so exquisite a sound that the King ordered its immediate removal to Paris. Deep was the grief of the good Bishop of Sens, and of the citizens, when the bell was taken down and carted away, for it had made music in the old city time out of mind. But no one dared to raise his voice against the edict of Clothaire. For other ears than theirs those loved tones would sound forth; other daughters than their own would hear with trembling joy that silver music on their wedding-morn, and death would have an added bitterness when that familiar voice no longer joined their own in faithful lamentation for the dead. All was hopeless, helpless, dull despair, when, lo! a breathless messenger came hurrying with the news that the old bell refused in its new home to give forth any sound, and that the King, awestruck and terrified, had ordered its immediate return. So the old bell, still dumb, was carted back to Sens; but when a turning in the road disclosed the ancient city but four leagues away, the bell, though no hand touched it, rang out loud and clear, and all along the dusty road made music as it neared its native town. The Bishop and the people sallied out, prayers and thanksgiving hymns poured forth, while maidens, laughing through their tears, strewed all the way with flowers; louder and sweeter still the bell rang on, filling with a delicious joy the hearts of those who, lately all despairing, thought to hear its voice no more.

Another legend, wafted to us from the rock-bound Cornish coast, relates how sweetly from Tintagel's tower the vesper bells rang out, and how the simple folk who dwelt at Farrabury heard the sound with pleased, yet envious ears. They had a tower by the sea, "four square to every wind that blows"; but no bells. At length it was resolved that it should go hard but they would have as sweet a peal of bells as that



FLORES ISLAND, THE QUARANTINE STATION FOR MONTE VIDEO.

which echoed from Tintagel's tower. So, far away, the bells were cast and shipped for Farrabury, and with favouring winds the vessel glided swiftly on, till the expectant crowd upon the beach beheld her with her precious freight, awaiting only that the rising tide should float her into the harbour. No breeze ruffled the surface of the summer sea, there was a tender stillness in the evening air when, suddenly, the vesper bells chimed from Tintagel's tower. At the sound the pilot, kneeling by the captain's side, devoutly crossed himself and offered thanks to God for the quick voyage and the safe return. But the captain laughed, "To me alone the praise, I need no aid from God to bring the vessel safely in"—then swore a fearful oath, at which the pious pilot, praying still, shuddered and shrank away. The oath still lingered on the captain's lips when, from the surface of the silent sea, a mighty wave arose, upon its curving crest the ship was lifted up, then, as a wild cry went forth from all the anxious gazers on the shore, she sank, while on the stilly air was heard the muffled sound of bells as when a knell is tolled. One soul alone escaped, the pious pilot safely swam ashore.

Many centuries have passed away since then; but to this day, when storms approach, and only then, deep down below the surface of the troubled waves the bells of Farrabury may be heard, ringing a muffled peal, while on the rocky coast the vacant, silent tower still stands, looking out across the angry sea.

W. G. S.

FLORES ISLAND.

Many of those whose business has taken them to South America have some unpleasant recollections of Flores Island. It is the quarantine station of the Uruguay Republic, off Monte Video. As almost all the steamers of the various mail companies, before reaching Monte Video, have touched at the Brazilian ports, which are usually infected with yellow fever, very few passengers escape an enforced stay at Flores Island, before landing on the shores of the Banda Oriental. Our Sketch was taken by Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist, when some of those who had been fellow-passengers from Europe were leaving lugubriously the luxuries of the good ship Galicia for a six-days' detention on the inhospitable rock.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie entertained at dinner on June 18, at the Hôtel Métropole, a distinguished company to meet Mr. Robert Lincoln, the new American Minister to London.

TERRIBLE RAILWAY DISASTER.

One of the most shocking disasters that have ever taken place on any railway in the United Kingdom, causing seventy-five deaths and injuries to more than a hundred and sixty other persons, mostly children and young men or young women, happened on Wednesday, June 12, near the town of Armagh, in the North of Ireland.

A holiday excursion had been arranged by the pastor and teachers connected with the Sunday School and Methodist Church, Armagh. The place chosen was Warrenpoint, a favourite watering-place on Carlingford Bay. The excursionists were mainly children of both sexes, ranging in age from seven to sixteen years, accompanied by their teachers and a large number of grown-up friends. The party numbered in the aggregate about 1200. The Great Northern Railway Company set apart for their accommodation two special trains, the first of which consisted of thirteen carriages and two vans, with 940 passengers, drawn by a single engine; it was in charge of Joseph Elliott, clerk in the traffic manager's office at Armagh; William Moorhead, assistant guard; Thomas Magrath, engine-driver; and Henry Parkinson, fireman. Two miles from Armagh there is a steep incline, on an embankment, near Killooney; and doubts were felt, before starting, whether one engine could draw so many carriages up the incline. The driver, Magrath, when the station-master then offered to send on a second engine to assist him, is reported to have said he thought his engine could do it; the conductor, apparently, was unwilling to have the train delayed. It was closely followed by the ordinary passenger-train, leaving Armagh at 10.20, its usual time.

Both trains moved on, but the second train was stopped at Annaclare-bridge, having, it is said, gained somewhat upon the excursion-train. The latter had got near the top of the incline when the couplings about the centre of the train were, by some means, unfastened, and the hind part, consisting of seven carriages, all crammed with people, began to run backwards towards Annaclare-bridge. The descending carriages acquired a tremendous momentum, and dashed into the standing train with an awful crash. Some carriages were telescoped completely; others were smashed to splinters, one or two mounted to the top of the heap of wreck almost intact. The embankment at the point where the collision took place is from 60 ft. to 70 ft. high; some fragments of the carriages and a few of the bodies were thrown down its side to a considerable distance. The bulk of the wreck and nine-

tenths of the unhappy victims were, however, to be found within a limited area. Most of the people in the last two carriages were killed outright. Four persons—two men and two young girls—were dug out from beneath the overturned engine, which was twisted and battered in an extraordinary manner.

There were few men among the excursionists; some of the railway officials attached to the trains were themselves injured; great panic and confusion prevailed. Many of the children rushed about screaming, wild with terror. Some of the teachers, however, soon recovered their presence of mind. Help arrived from Armagh and other stations; the work of extricating the dead, the dying, and the injured was begun in earnest. This work was difficult, and not unattended with danger; huge pieces of timber and iron were poised in such a manner that their removal had to be effected with great care, lest they should fall and crush those who lay beneath.

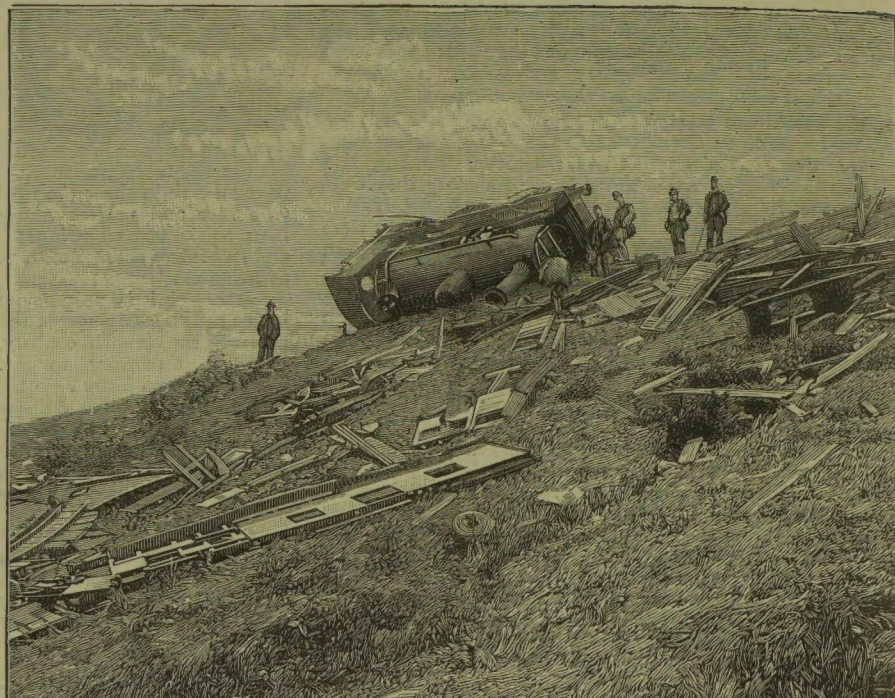
The dead were at first laid out in rows near the scene of the disaster; many of them were so dreadfully crushed as to be almost unrecognisable. The wounded who could bear removal were taken to Armagh after such hurried assistance as could be given them on the spot. They received the devoted and skilful attention of physicians and surgeons who hastened to the town from places as far distant as Belfast and Newry at the first intimation that their services would be useful. Later in the day the dead were brought into Armagh, and placed in the market-house and the Tontine. One of those killed is Mr. Samuel Steel, magistrates' clerk of the Armagh Petty Sessions. The Queen has sent a message of sympathy and compassion to the Mayor of Armagh.

It is stated by several witnesses at the Coroner's inquest, and at the official inquiry opened by Major-General Hutchinson, Board of Trade Inspector, that Mr. Elliott, the traffic conductor in charge of the train, ordered Moorhead, the guard, to uncouple the carriages and detach the hind part, when the train could not move; and that he persisted in having this done, in spite of Moorhead's objections, and of the remonstrances of one or two passengers. When the detached carriages began to run backwards down the incline, Elliott, who was on the line, told the men to put on the brake, and to put stones under the wheels; but this was not sufficient to stop the carriages, which ran down a gradient of one in seventy-five, a distance of a mile and a half.

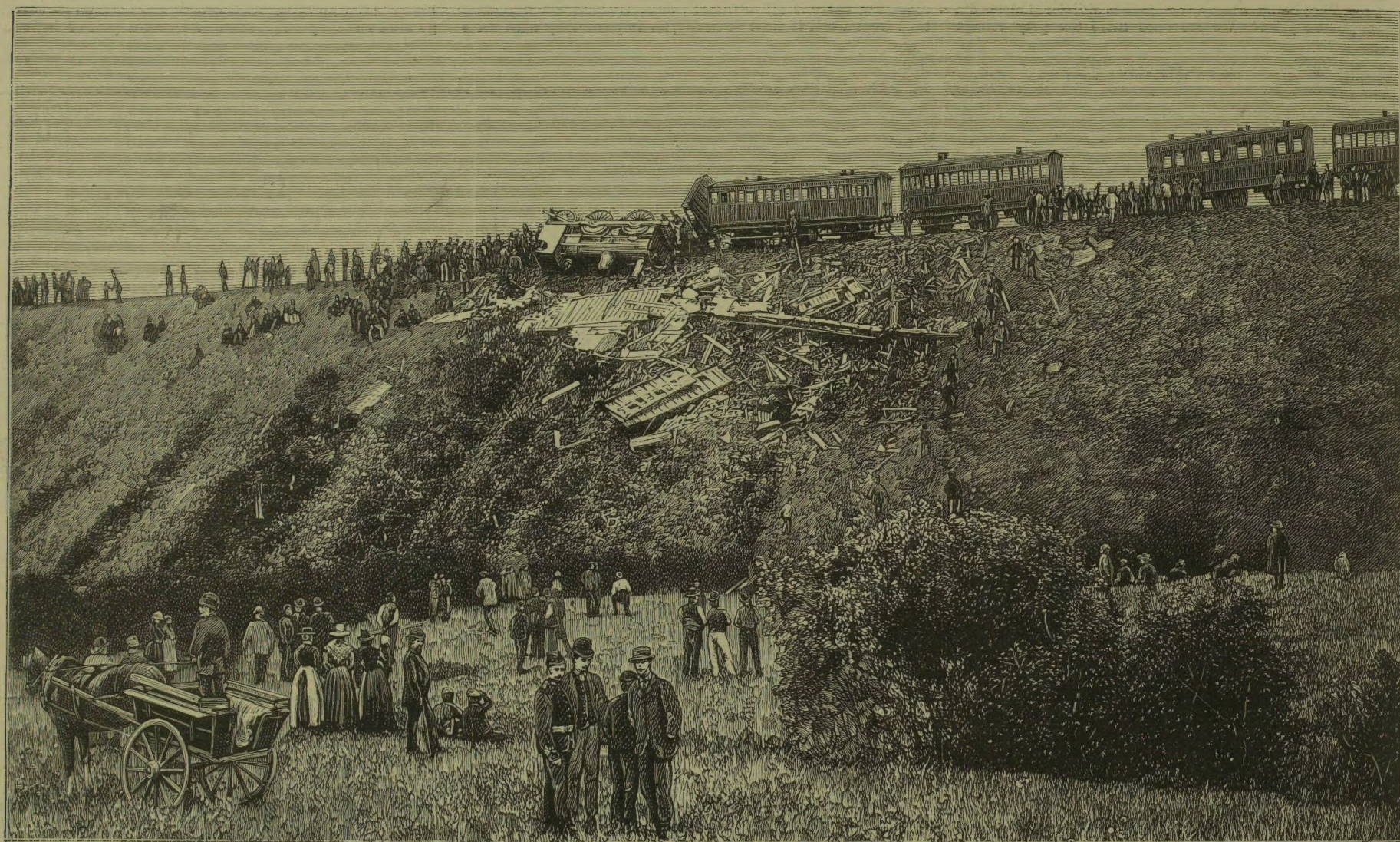
Our Illustrations are from photographs of the wrecked train and engine taken by Messrs. Hunter and Co., of Scotch-street, Armagh.



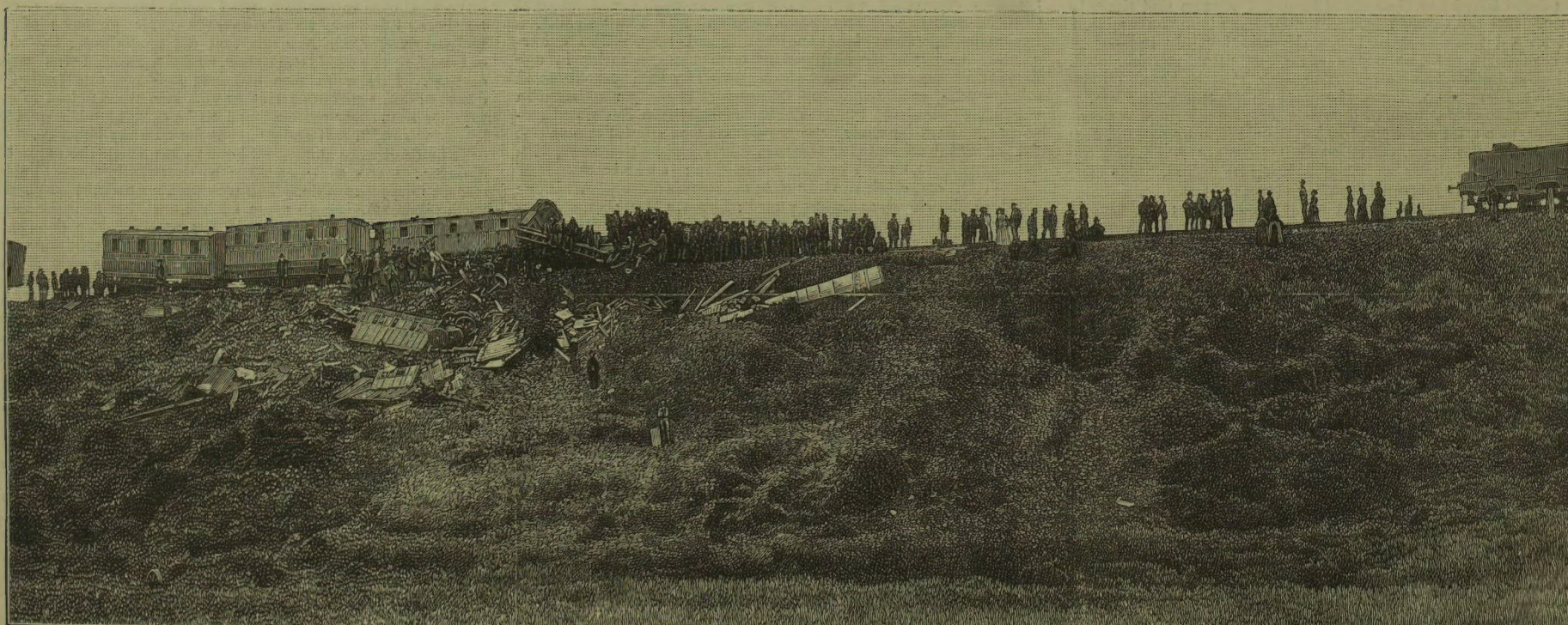
WRECK OF THE ENGINE, VIEWED FROM THE LINE.



WRECK OF THE ENGINE AND CARRIAGES ON SIDE OF EMBANKMENT.



WRECK OF TRAIN ON SIDE OF EMBANKMENT 70 FT. HIGH.



VIEW OF THE OTHER SIDE OF THE EMBANKMENT.

THE RAILWAY DISASTER NEAR ARMAGH, NORTH OF IRELAND.



"HE LOVES ME—LOVES ME NOT."

PICTURE BY GUNNING KING, IN THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Although the "Gaiety boys" may regret that their beloved burlesque is banished for the moment and the "sacred lamp" is temporarily extinguished, necessitating a journey round the corner to the Globe in order to hear the silver-voiced St. John and the stately Violet Cameron, and to laugh at the eccentricities of Lonnen, Harry Parker, Stone and Maria Jones—still, the lovers of a higher art can enjoy the French plays in a handsome and commodious theatre. Both Jane Hading and Coquelin have returned from America in excellent health and spirits. The beautiful actress and the accomplished comedian may now be seen at their very best, and they do not know the meaning of hard work. Almost every evening the programme is changed, and "eclecticism" is the rule at the Gaiety. At one time Coquelin may be seen masquerading as Mascarille, or playing the hypocrite in "Tartuffe," or making his audience roar with laughter at that essentially modern farce "Les Surprises du Divorce," or enacting for the first time Brigand in "Frou-Frou," or the heavy father in "La Dame aux Camélias." What an accomplished artist it must be who plays so many varied parts and succeeds in all! It is difficult to believe it is the same man who gets so comically tipsy as the swaggering brother in "L'Aventurière," and gives us such flawless sketches of the modern Parisian in "L'Etrangère" and "Dénise." So long as Coquelin keeps his eager hands off sentimental comedy he is admirable. Nature has not designed him for a pathetic lover.

It says something for the art of Jane Hading when she can interest and delight us in characters already perfectly presented by the lamented Aimée Desclée and the present fitful and will-o'-the-wisp Sara Bernhardt, who is to appear at the Lyceum after all this year, and not at the Gaiety, as promised. It seemed, in the old days, that there could be only one "Frou-Frou." It was a case of Desclée, and the rest nowhere. Who that ever saw it could forget her spiritual acting? And yet, after the lapse of years, the sad-faced, Titian-haired Jane Hading comes forward with yet a new reading of the passionate scene between the two sisters, and thrills her audience with excitement in the last scenes of this modern tragedy when the broken-hearted husband comes to punish his wife's treacherous lover. And so again with the well-worn "Dame aux Camélias." Though we have all seen it scores of times, in French, American, and English, from the early days of Doche to these latter times of Jane Hading; though Desclée and Bernhardt, and Clara Morris and Modjeska, have all in turn been pronounced the best Camille ever known; still we can revive our interest in the old sentimental play when Jane Hading pines away in consumption, and dies in the arms of her beloved. No one should willingly miss the treat afforded them at the Gaiety during the French Play season. It is boldly said that now-a-days we can act in England every bit as well as they can in France! But is it so? Have we so many actresses in our midst who could play Frou-Frou or Camille as well as Jane Hading? *Utinam ut!* as we used to say in the Latin grammar.

Mr. Sidney Grundy has, in "Esther Sandraz," given the stage a very effective play. It is a bad title, but that does not matter so long as the story is interesting and the acting good. This clever and indefatigable author has seized upon the strong dramatic points in a vigorous story by Adolphe Bélot, and has worked them up into a stirring drama. There is nothing very new in the idea of a neglected and insulted woman taking revenge on the man who has betrayed her; there is nothing particularly strange or wonderful in a deep love, turning to bitter hate, or in revenge being mollified by "the one kind look and the tender touch." We must have old tunes on the stage, but it is well when they are set so well as by Mr. Sidney Grundy, who, from constant practice, has become an excellent dramatic workman. In the present instance he has handled his subject like an artist, and provided the play with some of his telling and trenchant dialogue. Like all sensitive authors and artists, Mr. Grundy thinks that he has been held back and hindered by that fiend in human shape, the critic or chronicler of dramatic doings, forgetting that without him his fame would not have been so great as it is, and he might have had a harder toil uphill. He forgets, as so many do, that he courts the opinion that he professes to despise; and, though he is up in arms at the least word of disparagement, is still content to swallow great draughts of praise with a contented chuckle. Just now Mr. Sidney Grundy is doubtless all smiles. He is understood at last, because he has written a good and successful play. The sour looks are postponed for another occasion. Luckily the services of Miss Amy Roselle were secured to "create" Esther Sandraz, and right well did she accomplish her task. Such a play and such a subject might have been ruined had it been nervously handled. But Miss Roselle put out her full strength, and not only acted brilliantly herself, but induced her companions to wake up from the stupid lethargy into which they have been steeped of late. How trumpery seemed the feeble, foolish efforts at acting passed as good by silly sycophantic friends at amateur matinées by the side of the art of this experienced lady, who is kept in the background, while so many good plays are ruined for want of interpreters! Only an artist like Mrs. Kendal could have done what Miss Amy Roselle did for this play; only an actress who understands her business would have given effect to the scene where the indignant Esther tears off her diamonds and flings them at the feet of her false lover; or to the still prettier scene in contrast where the revenge of the heart-broken woman is softened, and her harshness is crushed by the kindly voice of a sympathetic woman. There will be much sympathy with Miss Amy Roselle in that, having made a brilliant success with Esther Sandraz, she has been warned off the play for the future, or rather it has been sold over her head to Mrs. Langtry, who recently created the part in Chicago. Mrs. Langtry will appear this year in London as Esther Sandraz. But is it not strange that with two such plays in his pocket, Mr. Grundy should have offered "The White Lie" to Mrs. Kendal instead of "Esther Sandraz"? What a play to succeed in here in England, and to take with her to America! It is surely inconceivable that Society alone hindered Mrs. Kendal from creating Esther Sandraz, because Society does not like its favourite actress to represent a woman with a past? If so, the worse for art if Society is allowed to interfere with its mission! Society, by its patronage of silly matinées and sillier amateurs, is crushing the heart and life out of dramatic art; and the sooner the ivy clasps of this Society sybarite are removed from the honest old oak the better. Society, by its patronage, has done nothing for art, and less for actors and actresses; and the sooner they all get back to Bloomsbury from Belgravia the better.

To the great delight of his many admirers, Mr. Clifford Harrison has returned to work, after a long and weary absence occasioned by ill-health and domestic sorrow. There is no more intellectual entertainment to be found in London at the present time, and his many friends gathered round him last Saturday at the Steinway Hall to give him a warm welcome home. The pretty stage was covered with flowers,

placed there by affectionate hands, and those present were unanimous in their opinion that he has never before recited at the piano with deeper feeling or with more melodious voice the well-known "Legend of Provence," by Adelaide Proctor, or the "Monk Felix," extracted from Longfellow's "Golden Legend." The recitals will be continued at the Steinway Hall every Saturday afternoon, and next Saturday Mr. Clifford Harrison promises a novelty called "Beethoven at the Piano," by Mr. Eric Mackay. This will be recited to the music of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." C. S.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

One of the most important specialties of the season—so far as it has gone—was the recent production of Rossini's stage masterpiece, "Guillaume Tell" (in its Italian version). This grand work—first brought out at Paris in 1829—was the last of a long series of operas by Rossini, none of which gave signs of the exquisite melodic beauty, intense dramatic power, and masterly structure manifested in that with which Rossini voluntarily closed, at the age of little more than thirty-seven (nearly forty years before his death) a triumphant career; having refused the most tempting money offers for its continuance; being satisfied with his latest and greatest success, and not wishing to risk a possible decline therefrom; his wealth having rendered him inaccessible to money temptation. It has been unfavourable to the frequent repetition of "Tell" that the character of Arnold can seldom be efficiently realised; having been written for a French tenor possessed of an exceptional upper chest range, the high B flat, B natural, and C ("ut de poitrine") being in several cases absolutely indispensable. Among the few competent representatives of the character, M. Duprez and Signor Tamberlik will long be remembered for their incomparable performances. Mr. Augustus Harris having secured in his company many stage vocalists of exceptional excellence, a performance of Rossini's masterpiece during the present season was naturally to be hoped for. In M. Lestellier the lessee has a tenor possessed of an exceptionally high chest voice, and much dramatic power, especially in declamatory passages. He was heard on our opera stage some seasons since, and on the recent occasion he produced the same favourable impression as formerly, by his performance as Arnold, particularly in the more declamatory portions of the music. One of the débutantes promised in Mr. Harris's prospectus—Mlle. Lita, who created a highly-favourable impression by her performance as Mathilde. The lady possesses a pure soprano voice, of fresh and sympathetic quality. She phrases well, and executes with neatness and facility. These qualities were especially manifested in her delivery of the fine recitative and aria at the opening of the second act, and in the following duet with Arnold. The character of Tell was to have been sustained by M. Lassalle, but his sudden indisposition rendered it necessary to find a substitute, and this was effected by the ready co-operation of M. Seguin, a member of the company who recently made a successful first appearance here. The Italian version of Rossini's opera not being in M. Seguin's repertoire, he sang his part in French, and acquitted himself so well, both musically and dramatically, as to gain deserved recognition both for his efficiency and his readiness. The important part of Walter derived its full significance in every respect from the very fine performance of M. E. De Reszké. Mlle. Bauermeister and Madame Lablache respectively, as the son and wife of Tell, contributed to the general effect of the performance; as did Signori Miranda, Novara, Rinaldini de Vaschetti, and I. Corsi in subordinate parts.

Another of the important features that have already distinguished the present season—still only about in mid-career—was the production, on June 15, of Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," being its first performance in this country with its original French text. The opera was first brought out at the Paris Théâtre Lyrique in April, 1867; and was produced in an Italian version at our Royal Italian Opera in July of the same year. The character of Juliet in this version has found admirable representatives in several eminent stage vocalists. Recently, Gounod made some changes in his score for the reproduction of the opera in Paris, when a fresh success attended the work, which was given in this shape at the Covent-Garden establishment on the date above-named. The most important change is a new and effective *morceau d'ensemble* at the close of the third act. It is, of course, unnecessary to touch on the book, founded on one of the best known tragedies of Shakspeare, whose text has been treated with some of that latitude which has generally been claimed, and may freely be granted, for musical purposes. The opera contains much charming music, especially that for the unhappy lovers, and particularly their duet in the balcony scene. In some instances, the composer has scarcely realised the dramatic spirit of the text; the Queen Mab song, for instance, is eccentric and exaggerated rather than poetical or ideal. In the recent performance now alluded to, the character of the heroine was sustained by Madame Melba with a combination of graceful charm and emotional passion that entitle her to rank as one of the great stage vocalists of the day. Another grand performance was that of M. Jean De Reszké as Romeo. Alternate dignity and tenderness in bearing and excellence in vocalisation were manifested throughout: the balcony-scene with two such representatives as those just named having been a triumphant display. M. E. De Reszké gave full impressiveness to the character of Friar Laurence; Mlle. De Vigne was a charming page; M. Winogradoff a spirited Mercutio; M. Montariol an unusually good Tybalt; M. Seguin and Signor Castelmarty having given more than customary importance respectively to the characters of Capulet and the Duke. The cast also included Madame Lablache as an efficient representative of Gertrude. Signor Mancinelli conducted both the performances just referred to.

Since our previous notice "Don Giovanni" has been given with (as is the rule at this establishment) a very powerful cast. As Donna Anna, Madame Fürsch-Madi sang and acted with genuine dramatic power. The thankless—but musically very important—part of Donna Elvira, is not often adequately filled, as it was on this occasion by Madame Valda, whose co-operation was a highly valuable feature of the cast. As the bright coquettish village maiden, Zerlina, Mlle. Van Zandt sang with much grace and charm. Signor F. D'Andrade was an excellent Don Giovanni; M. Lestellier as Ottavio was scarcely so successful as in parts of a more declamatory kind; Signor Ciampi's Leporello was the same strongly-marked buffo performance as on many past occasions, and Signori Miranda and De Vaschetti were efficient, respectively, as Masetto and the Commendatore. Signor Arditi conducted. The augmentation of the chorus in the grand opera materially heightens the effect of the concerted music; and the splendour of the stage accessories continues to be a remarkable feature.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Recent performances at this establishment have included repetitions of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" and "Faust;" in the former of which Madame Gargano, as Rosina, repeated the

success obtained by her in the same character on her recent début here. In "Faust," Mlle. de Lussan obtained a genuine success as Marguerite, similar to that achieved by her in her appearance last year as Carmen. On the occasion now referred to Signor Runcio appeared, and displayed merits which have heretofore been recognised, in his performance as Faust. Mlle. Bellincioni, who appeared as Siebel, was favourably received, but will be more fairly estimated from future performances. Signor Palermi, another débutant, proved himself, as Valentine, a valuable accession to Mr. Mapleson's company. On June 15 "L'Elisir d'Amore," one of Donizetti's brightest and most tuneful operas, was given, and included a fresh success for Madame Gargano in her assumption of the character of Adina, which she rendered with bright vocalisation and animated action. Other principal characters—Nemorino, Belcore, and Dulcamara—were effectively sustained, respectively, by Signori Vicini, Palermi, and Caracciolo. Signor Bimboni conducted. In a new *ballet divertissement* Mlle. Rescaili obtained much success by her skilful dancing.

It is announced that a syndicate has been formed to carry on the performances at Her Majesty's Theatre, the prices of admission being fixed at a greatly reduced rate.

Mr. Mapleson's benefit concert at the Royal Albert Hall on June 15 drew a large attendance. The attractions were great and varied. Among many eminent artists, Madame Trebelli appeared, after having been long absent from the concert platform, and was cordially welcomed.

The sixth and last of the series of Señor Sarasate's Concerts at St. James's Hall took place on June 15, when the celebrated Spanish violinist made his last appearance for the season, and displayed his rare executive skill in his performances of Dr. Mackenzie's concerto and Lalo's "Symphonie Espagnole." Both these works have more than once been commented on. In addition to them, Señor Sarasate and Miss N. Carpenter played a characteristic duet for two violins (with orchestral accompaniments) entitled "Navarra," the composition of the gentleman just named. The concert included effective orchestral performances, ably conducted by Mr. W. G. Cusins.

The sixth Richter Concert of the series offered no novelty, the programme having consisted of music of the modern German school, that had before been heard and commented on in addition to Schubert's great symphony in C.

Sir Charles Hallé's Chamber Concerts at St. James's Hall are near the end of the series, the seventh and last but one having been announced for the afternoon of June 21. The programme of the previous concert included the last of three posthumous string quartets by Cherubini, the other two of which had been brought forward at previous concerts of the series. They are all interesting, and worthy of repetition.

Of the seventh and last performance of the Philharmonic Society's seventy-seventh season, we can at present only announce the date, the afternoon of June 22; the grand festival performance of "Elijah," at the Crystal Palace, taking place at the same time. This is on a scale of magnitude similar to that of the renowned triennial Handel Festivals; about 3000 performers being assembled. Mesdames Albani and Patey, Mr. Lloyd, and Signor Foli are to be the solo vocalists, and Mr. Manns the conductor. Mr. B. Foote's concert at Prince's Hall, announced for June 14, has been postponed to July 4.

Mr. Frank L. Ohare has received the "Joseph Maas Memorial Prize" as the result of the competition that took place at the Birmingham and Midland Institute.

TRADE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Sir Charles T. Metcalfe addressed a meeting of the London Chamber of Commerce, held in their Council Chamber, Botolph House, City, on "British Trade in South Africa."

Sir G. Baden-Powell, M.P., who presided, said that dissatisfaction had been expressed in England at the statement of one of the most popular Governors of South Africa, that colonisation and Imperialism were in a sense antagonistic forces. He did not think that could be the opinion of Sir Hercules Robinson. He was convinced that true Imperialism meant the aid by the rest of the Empire of any one of its parts.

Sir Charles Metcalfe contended that the British Government ought long ago to have entered upon a properly organised exploration of South Africa, rather than trust to haphazard discoveries and developments. South Africa was not nearly explored yet—the larger portion of it was totally unknown. The majority of the people in Capetown had never been farther than Kimberley. Consolidation of the different colonies was the dream of every thinking man in South Africa. He called attention to the interest which had been generally excited afresh in South Africa by the great gold discoveries in the Transvaal, and dealt with the want of belief which had been shown by the British public in South Africa, their vacillation, and their blunders of the past. England, being a commercial country, cared chiefly for that which was of commercial value, and now that South Africa had shown the importance of her position, we could be sure of a much firmer attitude in the future. As long as England commanded the shipping, and as long as her manufacturers turned out good articles, so long would she have the largest share of the trade in South Africa.

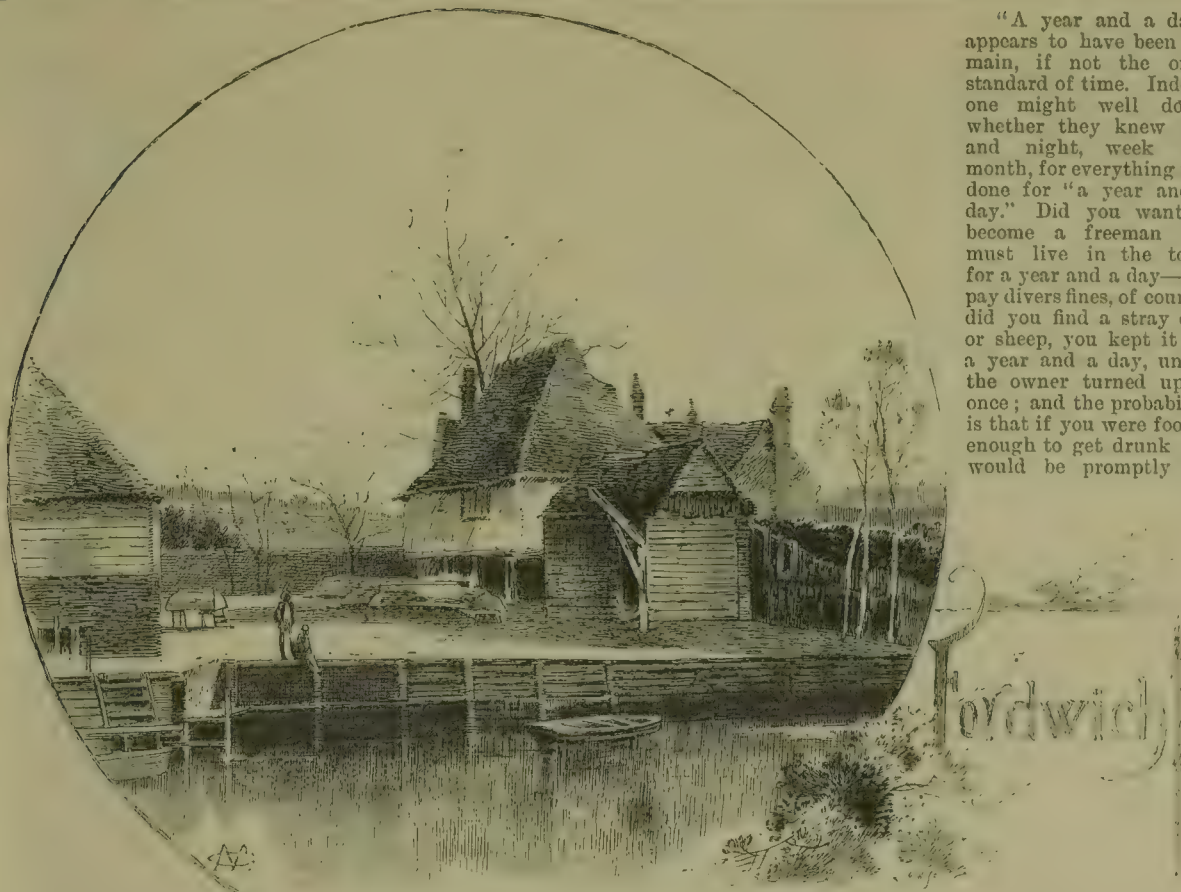
The recent evening floral fête held in the Wholesale Floral Market, Covent-garden, in aid of the Gardeners' Orphan Fund, realised, after paying expenses, over £200. In addition to this, the Duke of Bedford gave £500.

The Earl of Dartmouth has offered £1000 for improving Slaithwaite Church; and has given a site for a new church at Bruntcliffe, also in Yorkshire, the foundation-stone of which was laid on June 11 by Viscount Lewisham, M.P.

At the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, held at Essex Hall, Essex-street, Strand, on June 13, Mr. Chatfield Clarke was elected president for the ensuing year, in succession to Dr. Aspland, Q.C. Mr. William M'Quaker, a Glasgow tradesman, has bequeathed to the association £30,000 to be used for the propagation of Unitarian Christianity in Scotland.

Princess Christian on June 13 visited the North London Collegiate School for Girls, Camden-road, of which Miss Buss is the head-mistress, and distributed the prizes for the year. Mr. E. S. Hanbury, Master of the Brewers' Company, presided, and there was a large gathering. Her Royal Highness also witnessed the gymnastic class at their exercises. One hundred and thirty-two girls received prizes.

A number of American engineers now on a visit to this country attended Divine service in Westminster Abbey on June 13, and were afterwards conducted round the Abbey by the Dean. In the afternoon they attended a reception at Sir John Coode's, who, as President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, read an address of welcome. In the evening the institution entertained the members of American engineering societies at a banquet in the Guildhall, which had been lent for the occasion by the Lord Mayor and Corporation.



THE TOWNHALL AND "DROWNING WHARF."

THE TOWN AND PORT OF FORDWICH.

The modern Canterbury pilgrim, without the faith of ancient pilgrims, still gets so used to seeing and hearing of relics, that he is not surprised when he discovers, a couple of miles out of the city, a "town and port" which could be put inside many a hamlet, yet a municipal borough till quite recently, which boasted of a Mayor and all the paraphernalia of a very curious little Corporation. It possesses a Townhall, about the size of the "Cheshire Cheese" chop-room, and with the appearance of a superannuated barn. Fordwich has enough quaintness in its aspect and associations to set up a whole county respectably in the "antiquity" business. But it is so completely overshadowed by Canterbury that it escapes the attention of the ubiquitous tourist.

The town of Fordwich consists of a church, two shops, two public-houses, a few dwelling-houses, the diminutive Townhall already mentioned, a crane, and several yards of rickety wharf, abutting on the river Stour. The river can be waded; and the biggest craft that I saw moored at "the port" was a four-cared boat, in which, by the courtesy of the Rev. T. Field, of the King's School, Canterbury, I was permitted, with some friends, to embark on the perilous voyage, through bridges and over shallows, from the neighbouring cathedral city.

Times are changed with Fordwich since its gallant mariners, as part of the Cinque Ports Fleet, set out to sack Lisbon, or to rescue it from the Moors, without deeming it necessary to acquaint their liege Sovereign of England with the intended enterprise. In the olden time, no doubt, a stranger who might have dared to appear in Fordwich with a photographic camera (if there had been photographic cameras in those days) would have been condemned, quite legally, to death by drowning. They had a very rough mode of administering justice at Fordwich a couple of centuries ago; the law is laid down, with minute circumstances, in the "Custumal," engrossed in a crabbed hand. Some extracts and notes will be here presented, as materials for a History of Fordwich.

One clause of the "Custumal" directs that when a person has been elected Mayor by the Jurats (municipal dignitaries somewhat akin to Aldermen) and by the freemen, then, "if he refuse to serve, his principal house, if he has one, shall be pulled down." The Mayor had great prerogatives. It was for the Mayor, immediately on his election, to proclaim the customs afresh, and, if he thought fit, to explain and interpret them exactly as he pleased. Apart from an obligation to inspect the weights and measures, and some kind of responsibility with regard to orphans, his duty seems to have resolved itself into a practically unlimited power to fine, castigate, mutilate and generally maltreat, on any and every pretence, all persons residing within the Liberty, and all persons non-resident on whom he could manage to lay his hands.

Certainly, the pretences upon which he could act are rigidly specified in the "Custumal"; but they were so numerous, so far-reaching, and so cunningly devised, that it was a moral impossibility for any single individual within the Mayor's jurisdiction to escape, at any rate, a variety of fines, during his twelve months of office. One might almost conclude that a very heavy percentage of the inhabitants were annually drowned, beaten to death, or deprived of a limb. The occasions on which a man could be fined were ingeniously diversified. It would appear that nobody could do anything worth mentioning without giving the Mayor, if he was up to his business, a convenient opportunity for imposing a fine.

In connection with the sale of a house, for instance, everybody concerned had to pay up. First, on some pretext or other, vendor and purchaser paid fourpence each; then, on a second pretext, the vendor was relieved of eightpence, and the purchaser of twopence; then a sum of six shillings was collected from somewhere, though the terms of the clause were so delightfully vague that the Mayor probably directed the collection according to his fancy at the moment; and, finally, so keen were the lawgivers of Fordwich to see money change hands, that, whilst the "Keeper of the Chest" was entitled to receive twelvepence from somebody, he was informed by the "Custumal" that he might, if he chose, hand over the said twelvepence to the poor.

Castigation was almost equally frequent. A resident at Fordwich might, perchance, avoid a thrashing for as long as a month at a time; but with a stranger, that was out of the question, and in his case they did not wait for the show of a trial, but were entitled by law to proceed to "do what they pleased," on the instant of his offence. Certain of the penalties were fixed, with a commendable breadth; for example, when a man drew a knife upon any person, he had his choice of paying sixty shillings, having his hand perforated with the identical knife, or of being imprisoned for a year and a day.

"A year and a day" appears to have been the main, if not the only, standard of time. Indeed, one might well doubt whether they knew day and night, week and month, for everything was done for "a year and a day." Did you want to become a freeman you must live in the town for a year and a day—and pay divers fines, of course; did you find a stray cow or sheep, you kept it for a year and a day, unless the owner turned up at once; and the probability is that if you were foolish enough to get drunk you would be promptly put

corpse, which was in every way worthy of the best traditions of the Mayors of Fordwich. He caused the dead man to be pushed down the river into the next "Liberty," some miles away, over which he had no jurisdiction.

The other instance, quite as attractive in its boldness and simplicity, ended less satisfactorily for at least one person concerned. The gentleman, a gallant Lieutenant-Colonel, who had the honour of being the last Mayor of Fordwich, was, for some reason or other, plagued by a visit from a Government official. The intruder failed to show the deference due to a Mayor of Fordwich, and was summarily shut up in the town prison. When, a few hours afterwards, the Mayor got the better of his anger, proceeding to the prison, he bade the Government official to depart. That objectionable person, however, declined to move; he insisted upon being brought to trial; and the affair looked so awkward, from a legal point of view, that the Mayor finally paid over fifty pounds to get rid of his prisoner, and went home moralising on these degenerate days in which his lot had fallen.

Times have, indeed, changed at Fordwich; and now, you walk through the street of the town without seeing any people, but a few school-children and a stray labourer or two. You go to the wharf—now rented by some mighty capitalist for ten shillings-and-sixpence per annum—and the maritime prosperity of Fordwich is represented by a slouching hobbledoy lazily throwing paint at the bottom of a boat. The all-important fines have dwindled down to a toll on carts crossing the bridge: a toll which is farmed out for three guineas a year to an old lady, whom the Kentish carter attempts to cheat by driving away as fast as he can.

The Townhall alone retains traces of its ancient glory. This, at least, is the same as it was in the times of the Tudors. At the oaken table, Mayors of Fordwich sat, with the Jurats on either side of them, before and since the period when Queen Mary's marriage excited the wrath of the Cinque Ports. In the "cucking-stool," scolding women, generation after generation, have received their punishment; in the little cupboard, up near the roof, scores of female prisoners have been shut up, while their fate was settled by the austere Magistrate. The town drums have not yet found their way to the museum of antiquities; and the massive old oaken chest still guards the records of Fordwich's ancient municipal importance, when the Stour was a navigable channel for sea-going ships, and mercantile cargoes were discharged so far inland. W. M.

into the vile hole underneath the Townhall, and there detained for the inevitable year and a day.

The great punishment, of course, was death. There were a good many wide grounds on which you might be drowned. That there was no lack of eligible criminals may be judged from the fact that the wharf was generally known as the "drowning-wharf." But any possible want of excitement, caused by an absence of capital crime, was fully provided against by various punishments devised, it is to be imagined, with the view of affording relaxation and light amusement to the community. Of course, there was a "cucking-stool" at Fordwich; in fact, it is there now, in the position that it occupied in olden days, hanging from a beam in the Townhall, its legs dirty and slightly ragged with the mud and stones among which the weight of scolding wives had so often forced it. Quarreling women, too, as well as scolding queans, received special attention. They had to promenade the town preceded by a piper "or other minstrel," to whom it was ordained, by way of adding injury to insult, that they paid one penny.

But the most exciting and entertaining judicial process was one which, whilst it relieved the Mayor from decisions in troublesome litigation, must have supplied the town and port with interesting holidays. The litigants had to decide their own case in this wise: The defendant, "attired like a champion," stood in the Stour with the water reaching his navel and armed with an axe; the plaintiff approached standing in a boat, his weapon being "an instrument called an oar"; and we may suppose that the Mayor, the Corporation, and, indeed, the whole of the inhabitants disposed themselves comfortably on the overlooking wharf to watch this local variety of trial by wager of battle.

The exercise of this tremendous local authority had a rather

Dr. Quain, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, has been appointed Physician Extraordinary to the Queen.

A torpedo depot-ship, named the Vulcan, was successfully launched at Portsmouth, on June 13. She was named by Mrs. Gordon, the wife of the Admiral Superintendent.

The British Government has definitively accepted the invitation of the Swiss Government to take part in the International Labour Conference to be held at Berne in the autumn.

A new recreation-ground, intended to commemorate the Queen's Jubilee, was opened at Guildford on June 10 by the Mayor, Alderman Stephenson, in presence of a large number of burgesses. The ground, six acres in extent, was given to the Guildford Jubilee Committee by the Earl of Onslow.

In addition to the successful little piece "Tally-ho," the joint work of Messrs. Malcolm Watson and Alfred Caldicott, which maintains its power of exciting hilarity at the German Reed's Entertainment at St. George's Hall, Mr. Corney Grain has prepared a new sketch, which he calls "My Aunt's in Town." In this he describes the various forms of amusements in which his aunt, with her husband and daughters, indulges during a visit to the Metropolis. The unwearied pursuit of the many pleasures which are enjoyed by the ladies without the least sign of fatigue, but which makes him as *cicerone* constantly "ready to drop," afford the opportunity for many shrewd remarks upon the follies and fashions of the day.

The sixth report of the Comptroller-General of Patents, Designs, and Trade Marks has been presented to Parliament, for the year 1888. Since 1884 the number of applications for patents has risen from 17,110 to 19,103, for designs from



FORDWICH: THE TOWN AND PORT.

until nigh the time when the Corporation ceased to exist. Two amusing instances of municipal irresponsibility are worth mentioning. Only twenty-five years ago the freemen of the town and port, not so well accustomed to the sight as their forefathers, were one morning alarmed to find the body of a man floating in the Stour near the wharf. The Mayor was instantly summoned. Being unaccustomed and disinclined to perform the functions of Coroner, he took a simple and direct method of getting rid of the

demoralising effect upon the Mayors of Fordwich: an effect which was visible

19,753 to 26,239, and for trade marks from 7104 to 13,211. Of the 19,103 applications for patents, 14,851 came from the United Kingdom, 341 from its dependencies, 2422 from Europe, eight from Asia, fifteen from Africa, 1565 from America (1457 from the United States), and one from the Sandwich Islands. We are informed incidentally that the number of readers frequenting the Patent Office Library during the year exceeded 80,000, and that the receipts from the sale of office publications amounted to £5878. The large increase under the head of trade marks must be set down to recent legislation on the subject. The total receipts from various sources on account of trade marks amounted to £10,234.

CLEOPATRA:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENGEANCE OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

OF THE LAST SUPPER OF CLEOPATRA; OF THE SONG OF CHARMION; OF THE DRINKING OF THE DRAUGHT OF DEATH; OF THE REVEALING OF HARMACHIS; OF THE SUMMONING OF THE SPIRITS BY HARMACHIS; AND OF THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.



ON the morrow Cleopatra, having besought leave of Caesar, visited the tomb of Antony, crying that the Gods of Egypt had deserted her. And when she had kissed the coffin and covered it with lotus flowers she came back, bathed, anointed herself, put on her most splendid robes, and, together with Iras, Charmion, and myself, she supped. Now, as she supped her spirit flared up wildly, even as the sky lights up at sunset; and once more she laughed and sparkled as in bygone years, telling us tales of suppers which she and Antony had eaten of. Never, indeed, did I see her look more beautiful than on that last fatal night of vengeance. And thus her mind drew on to that supper at Tarsus when she drank the pearl.

"Strange," she said; "strange that at the last the mind of Antony should have turned back to that night among all the nights and to the saying of Harmachis. Charmion, thou dost remember Harmachis the Egyptian?"

"Surely, O Queen," she answered slowly.

"And who, then, was Harmachis?" I asked; for I was fain to know if she sorrowed o'er my memory.

"I will tell thee. 'Tis a strange tale, and now that all is done it may well be told. This Harmachis was of the ancient race of the Pharaohs, and, having, indeed, been in secret crowned at Abydos, was sent hither to Alexandria to carry out a great plot that had been formed against the rule of us Royal Lagidæ. He came and gained entry to the palace as my astrologer, for he was very learned in all magic—much as thou art, Olympus—and a man beautiful to see. Now, this was his plot—that he should slay me and be named Pharaoh. In truth it was a strong one, for he had many friends in Egypt, and I had few. And on that very night when he should carry out his purpose, yea, at the very hour, came Charmion yonder, and told the plot to me; saying that she had chanced upon its clue. But, in after days—though naught have I said thereon to thee, Charmion—I misdoubted me much of that tale of thine; for, by the Gods! at this hour I do believe that thou didst love Harmachis, and because he scorned thee thou didst betray him; and for that cause also hast all thy days remained a maid, which is a thing unnatural. Come, Charmion, tell us; for naught it matters now at the end."

Charmion shivered and made answer: "It is true, O Queen; I also was of the plot, and because Harmachis scorned me I betrayed him; and because of my great love for him have I remained unwed." And she glanced up at me and caught my eyes, then let the modest lashes veil her own.

"So?" I thought it. Strange are the ways of women! But little cause, methinks, had that Harmachis to thank thee for thy love: what sayest thou, Olympus? Ah, and so thou also wast a traitor, Charmion? How dangerous are the paths which Monarchs tread! Well, I forgive thee, for faithfully hast thou served me since that hour.

"But to my tale. Harmachis I dared not slay, lest his great party should rise in fury and cast me from the Throne. And now mark the issue. Though he must murder me, in secret this Harmachis loved me, and something thereof I guessed. A little, for the sake of his beauty and his wit, had I striven to draw him to me; and for the love of man Cleopatra never strove in vain. Therefore when, with the dagger in his robe, he came to slay me, I matched my charms against his will, and, need I tell you, being men and women, how I won? Oh, never can I forget the look in the eyes of that fallen man, that forsworn priest, that disrowned king, when, lost in the popped draught, I saw him sink into that shameful sleep whence no more might he wake with honour! And, thereafter—till, in the end, I wearied of him, and his sad learned mind, for his guilty soul forbade him to be gay—a little did I come to care for him, though not to love. But he—he who loved me—clung to me as a drunkard to the cup which ruins him. Deeming that I should wed him, he betrayed to me the secret of the hidden wealth of the pyramid *Her*—for at the time I much needed treasure—and together we dared the terrors of the tomb and drew it forth, even from dead Pharaoh's breast. See, this emerald was a part thereof!" and she pointed to the great scarabæus that she had drawn from the holy heart of Menka-ra.

"And because of what was written in the tomb, and of that Thing which we saw in the tomb—ah, pest upon it! why does its memory haunt me now?—and also because of policy, for I would fain have won the love of the Egyptians, I was minded to marry this Harmachis and declare his place and lineage to the world—aye, and by his aid hold Egypt from the Roman. For Dellius had then come to call me to Antony, and after much thought I determined to send him back with sharp words. But on that very morning, as I tired me for the Court, came Charmion yonder, and this I told her, for I would see how the matter fell upon her mind. Now mark, Olympus, the power of jealousy, that little wedge which yet hath strength to rend the tree of empire, that secret sword which can fashion the fate of kings! This she could in nowise bear—(deny it, Charmion, if thou canst, for now is it clear to me!)—that the man she loved should be given to me as husband—me, whom *he* loved! And therefore, with more skill and wit than I can tell, she reasoned with me, showing that I should by no means do this thing, but journey unto Antony; and for that, Charmion, I thank thee, now that all is come and gone. And by a very little, her words weighed down my scale of judgment against

Harmachis, and to Antony I went. Thus it is that through the jealous spleen of yonder fair Charmion and the passion of a man whereon I played as on a lyre, all these things have come to pass. For this cause doth Octavian sit a King in Alexandria; for this cause is Antony disrowned and dead; and for this cause must I, too, die to-night! Ah! Charmion! Charmion! thou hast much to answer, for thou hast changed the story of the world; and yet, even now, I would not have it otherwise!"

She paused a while, covering her eyes with her hand; and, looking, I saw great tears upon the cheek of Charmion.

"And of this Harmachis," I asked. "Where is he now, O Queen?"

"Where is he? In Amenti, forsooth—making his peace with Isis, perchance. At Tarsus I saw Antony, and loved him; and from that moment I loathed the sight of the Egyptian, and swore to make an end of him; for a lover done with should be a lover dead. And, being jealous, he spoke some words of evil omen, even at that Feast of the Pearl; and on the same night would I have slain him, but before the deed was done he was gone."

"And whither was he gone?"

"Nay; that know not I. Brennus—he who led my guard, and last year sailed North to join his own people—Brennus swore he saw him float to the skies; but in this matter I misdoubted me of Brennus, for methinks he loved the man. Nay, he sank off Cyprus, and was drowned; perchance Charmion can tell us how?"

"Naught can I tell thee, O Queen; Harmachis is lost."

"And well lost, Charmion, for he was an evil man to play with—aye, though I bettered him I say it! Well, he served my purpose; but I loved him not, and even now I fear him; though, thanks be to the Gods, as thou sayest, he is lost, and can no more be found."

But I, listening, put forth my strength, and, by the arts I have, cast the shadow of my Spirit upon the Spirit of Cleopatra, so that she felt the presence of the lost Harmachis.

"Nay, what is it?" she said. "By Serapis! I grow afraid! It seems to me that I feel Harmachis here! his memory o'erwhelms me like a flood of waters, and he this ten years dead! Oh! at such a time it is unholy!"

"Nay, O Queen," I answered, "if he be dead then is he everywhere, and well at such a time—the time of thy own death—may his Spirit draw near to welcome thine at its going."

"Speak not thus, Olympus. No more would I see Harmachis; the count between us is too heavy, and in another world than this more evenly, perchance, should we be matched. Ah, the terror passes! I was but unmoved. Well, the knave's story hath served to wile away that heaviest of our hours, the hour which ends in death. Sing to me, Charmion, sing, for thy voice is very sweet, and fain would I soothe my soul to sleep. The memory of that Harmachis hath wrung me strangely! Sing, then, the last song that I shall hear from those tuneful lips of thine, the last of so many songs."

"'Tis a sad hour for song, O Queen!" said Charmion; but, nevertheless, she took her harp and sang. And thus she sang, very soft and low, the song of the sweet-tongued Syrian Meleager:—

*Tears for my lady dead,
Heliodore!
Salt tears and strange to shed,
Over and o'er;
Go tears and low lament
Fare from her tomb,
Wend where my lady went,
Down through the gloom—
Sighs for my lady dead,
Tears do I send,
Long love remembered,
Mistress and friend!
Sad are the songs we sing,
Tears that we shed,
Empty the gifts we bring—
Gifts to the dead!
Ah! for my flower, my Love,
Hades hath taken!
Ah! for the dust above,
Scattered and shaken!
Mother of blade and grass,
Earth, in thy breast
Lull her that gentlest was
Gently to rest!*

The music of her voice died away, and so sweet and sad it was that Iras began to weep and in Cleopatra's stormy eyes the bright tears stood. Only I wept not; my tears were dry.

"'Tis a heavy song of thine, Charmion," said the Queen.

"Well, as thou saidst, 'tis a sad hour for song, and thy dirge is fitted to the hour. Sing it o'er me once again when I lie dead, Charmion. And now farewell to music and on to the end. Olympus, take yonder parchment and write what I shall say."

I took the parchment and the reed, and thus I wrote in the Roman tongue—

"Cleopatra to Octavianus. Greeting. This is the state of life. At length there comes an hour when, rather than endure those burdens that o'erwhelm us, putting off the body we would take wing into forgetfulness. Caesar, thou hast conquered: take thou the spoils of victory. But in thy triumph Cleopatra cannot walk. When all is lost, then must we go to seek the lost. Thus in the desert of despair the brave do harvest resolution. Cleopatra hath been great as Antony was great, nor, in the manner of her end, shall her fame be diminished. Slaves live to endure their wrong; but Princes, treading with a firmer step, pass through the gates of Wrong into the Royal dwellings of the dead. This only doth Egypt ask of Caesar—that he suffer her to lie in the tomb of Antony. Farewell."

This, therefore, I wrote, and having sealed it, Cleopatra bade me go find a messenger, dispatch it unto Caesar, and then return. So I went, and at the door of the tomb I called a soldier who was not on duty, and, giving him money, bade him take the letter unto Caesar. Then I went back, and there in the chamber stood the three women in silence, Cleopatra clinging to the arm of Iras, and Charmion a little apart watching the twain.

"If indeed thou art minded to make an end, O Queen," I said, "short is the time, for presently will Caesar send his servants in answer to thy letter," and I drew forth the phial of white and deadly bane and set it upon the board.

She took it in her hand and gazed thereon. "How innocent it seems!" she said; "and yet therein lies my death. 'Tis strange."

"Aye, Queen, and the death of ten other folk. No need to take so long a draught."

"I fear," she gasped—"how know I that it will slay outright? I have seen so many die by poison and scarce one hath died outright. And some—ah, I cannot think on them!"

"Fear not," I said, "I am a master of my craft. Or, if thou dost fear, cast this poison forth and live. In Rome mayest

thou still find happiness; aye, in Rome, where thou shalt walk in Caesar's triumph, while the laughter of the hard-eyed Latin women shall chime down the music of thy golden chains."

"Nay, I will die. Oh, if one would but show the path."

Then did Iras loose her hand and step forward. "Give me the draught, Physician," she said. "I go to make ready for my Queen."

"'Tis well," I answered; "on thy own head be it!" and I poured from the phial into a little golden goblet.

She raised it, and low she curtsied to Cleopatra, then, coming forward, kissed her on the brow, and Charmion she also kissed. This done, tarrying not and making no prayer (for Iras was a Greek), she drank, and, putting her hand to her head, instantly fell down and died.

"Thou seest," I said, breaking in upon the silence, "it is swift."

"Aye, Olympus; thine is a master drug! Come now, I thirst; fill me the bowl, lest Iras weary in waiting at the gates!"

So I poured afresh into the goblet; but this time, making pretence to rinse the cup, I mixed therein a little water, for I was not minded that she should die before she knew me.

Then did the Royal Cleopatra, taking the goblet in her hand, turn her lovely eyes to heaven and cry aloud:

"O ye Gods of Egypt! who have deserted me, to you no longer will I pray, for deaf are your ears unto my crying and blind your eyes unto my griefs! Therefore, I make entreaty to that one friend whom the Gods, departing, leave to helpless man. O Royal Death! sweep hither on thy cloudy pinions, whose shadow circles all the earth, and give me ear! Thou King of Kings! who, with an equal hand, bringest the fortunate head to one pillow with the slave, and by thy icy breath dost waft the bubble of our life far from these fields of Earth—draw near and save! Hide me where winds blow not and waters cease to roll! Hide me where Caesar's legions cannot march! Take me to a new dominion, and crown me Queen of Sleep! I am in labour of a Soul! See—it stands new-born upon the edge of Time! Now—now—Go, Breath! Come, Death! Come, Antony!" And, with one glance to heaven, she drank, and cast the goblet to the ground.

Then at last came the moment of my pent-up vengeance, and of the vengeance of Egypt's outraged Gods, and of the falling of the curse of Menka-ra.

"What's this?" she cried; "I grow cold, but I die not? Thou dark physician, thou hast betrayed me!"

"Peace, Cleopatra! Presently shalt thou die and know the fury of the Gods! The curse of Menka-ra hath fallen! It is finished! Look upon me, woman! Look upon this marred face, this twisted form, this living mass of sorrow! Look! look! Who am I?"

She stared upon me wildly.

"Oh! oh!" she shrieked, throwing up her arms; "at last I know thee! By the Gods, thou art Harmachis!—Harmachis risen from the dead!"

"Aye, Harmachis risen from the dead to drag thee down to death and agony eternal! See thou, Cleopatra: I have ruined thee as thou didst ruin me! I, working in the dark, and helped of the angry Gods, have been thy secret spring of woe! I filled thy heart with fear at Actium, I held the Egyptians from thy aid, I sapped the strength of Antony, I showed the portent of the Gods unto thy captains! By my hand at length thou diest, for I am the instrument of Vengeance! Ruin do I pay thee back for ruin, Treachery for treachery, Death for death! Come hither, Charmion, partner of my plots, who, betrayed me, but, repenting, art the sharer of my triumph, come watch this fallen wanton die!"

Cleopatra heard, and sank back upon the golden bed, groaning. "And thou, too, Charmion!"

A moment so she sat, then her Imperial spirit burnt up glorious before she died.

She staggered from the bed, and, with arms outstretched, she cursed me.

"Oh! for one hour of life!" she cried—"one short hour, that therein might I make thee die in such a fashion as thou canst not dream, thou and that false paramour of thine, who betrayed both me and thee! And thou didst love me! Ah, there I have thee still! See, thou subtle, plotting priest"—and with both hands she rent back the royal robes from her bosom—"see on this fair breast, once night by night was thy head pillowed, and thou didst sleep wrapped in these same arms. Now, put away their memory if thou canst! I read it in thine eyes—that mayst thou not! No torture which I bear can, in its sum, draw nigh to the rage of that deep soul of thine, rent with longings, never, never to be reached! Harmachis, thou slave of slaves, from thy triumph-depths I snatch a deeper triumph, and conquered yet I conquer! I spit upon thee—I defy thee—and, dying, doom thee to the torment of thy deathless love! O, Antony! I come, my Antony!—I come to thine own dear arms! Soon I shall find thee, and, wrapped in a love undying and divine, together will we float through all the depths of space, and, lips to lips and eyes to eyes, drink of desires grown more sweet with every draught! Or if I find thee not, then shall I sink in peace down the popped ways of Sleep; and for me the breast of Night, whereon I shall be softly cradled, shall yet seem thy bosom, Antony! Oh, I die!—come, Antony—and give me peace!"

Even in my fury I had quailed beneath her scorn, for home flew the arrows of her winged words. Alas! and alas! it was true—the shaft of my vengeance fell upon my own head; never had I loved her as I loved her now. My soul was rent with jealous torture, and thus I swore she should not die.

"Peace!" I cried; "what peace is there for thee? Oh! ye Holy Three, hear now my prayer. Osiris, loosen Thou the bonds of Hell and send forth those whom I shall summon! Come, Ptolemy, poisoned of thy sister Cleopatra; come, Arsinoë, murdered in the sanctuary by thy sister Cleopatra; come, Sepa, tortured to death of Cleopatra; come, Divine Menka-ra, whose body Cleopatra tore and whose curse for greed she braved; come one, come all who have died at the hands of Cleopatra! Rush from the breast of Nout and greet her who murdered you! By the link of mystic union, by the symbol of the Life, Spirits, I summon you!"

I spoke, while Charmion, affrighted, clung to my robe, and the dying Cleopatra, resting on her hands, swung slowly to and fro, gazing with vacant eyes.

Then the answer came. The casement burst asunder, and on fluttering wings that great bat entered which last I had seen hanging to the eunuch's chin in the womb of the pyramid of *Her*. Thrice it circled round, once it hovered o'er dead Iras, then it flew to where the dying woman stood. To her it flew, on her breast it settled, clinging to that emerald which was dragged from the dead heart of Menka-ra. Thrice the black Horror screamed aloud, thrice it beat its bony wings, and lo! it was gone. Then suddenly within that chamber sprang up the Shapes of Death. There was Arsinoë, the beautiful, even as she had shrunk beneath the butcher's knife. There was young Ptolemy, his features twisted by the poisoned cup. There was the majesty of Menka-ra,



DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

"O ye Gods of Egypt! who have deserted me, to you no longer will I pray, for deaf are your ears unto my crying and blind your eyes unto my griefs!"

"CLEOPATRA."—BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

crowned with the uræus crown; there was grave Sepa, his flesh all torn by the torturer's hooks; there were those poisoned slaves; and there were others without number, shadowy and dreadful to behold! who, thronging that narrow chamber, stood silently fixing their glassy eyes upon the face of her who slew them!

"Behold! Cleopatra!" I said. "Behold thy peace, and die!"

"Aye!" said Charmion. "Behold and die! thou who didst rob me of my honour and Egypt of her King!"

She looked, she saw the awful Shapes—her Spirit, hurrying from the flesh, mayhap could hear words to which my ears were deaf. Then her face sank in with terror, her great eyes grew pale, and, shrieking, Cleopatra fell and died: passing, with that dread company, to her appointed place.

Thus, then, did I feed my soul with vengeance, fulfilling the justice of the Gods, and yet knew myself empty of all joy therein. For though that thing we worship doth bring us ruin, and Love being more pitiless than Death, we in turn

do pay all our sorrow back; yet must we worship on, yet stretch out our arms towards our lost Desire, and pour our heart's blood upon the shrine of our discrowned God.

For Love is of the Spirit and knows not Death.

(To be concluded in our next Number.)

NEW STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

In our Number for July 6, the first of a New Volume, will be commenced a New Novel, by MR. WILKIE COLLINS, entitled BLIND LOVE, illustrated by A. Forestier and G. Montbard.

THE FAR-OFF YEARS.

One of the greatest pleasures experienced by a traveller, as he makes his way through a new country, is to pause on the green summit of some lofty hill and retrace the windings of his previous course. He sees the tangled forest-depths through which he toiled with so much painful effort, and the leafy valley where he lingered among the buds and the blooms and the warble of birds; he follows the shining stream which cheered him for many a league with the sparkle of its waters; he recalls the thorny waste over which he slowly dragged his bleeding feet; he espies the bower with its scented wreaths of trailing rose and woodbine where he allowed himself a brief repose; and he sums up his various experiences with a grateful sense that he is the better and the stronger for them, with a feeling that even those which seemed harshest and most austere have, by some strange alchemy, been converted into sweet felicities. The wounded feet have been healed; the tired limbs have recovered their vigour; he remembers only the cool glades and the haunted avenues of the forest; the thorn-bushes of the wilderness have ceased to be a terror to him, but he still feels the freshness and balm of the breeze that blew across its open spaces; his soul, once so small, has expanded until it is able to embrace the wide consciousness of all the magical region through which he has steadily plodded; its sounds of music are in his ears, its wonderful visions flit before his eyes, its mystery is in his blood. "This is life," he says to himself; "I have suffered much, but I have achieved more, and I have enjoyed most. And of what treasures I am now the lord! Through what a gallery of glowing landscapes I can now send my mind at will. A palace of Art, but builded up by Nature, not made with hands—beautiful with an almost indescribable beauty. These are mine, while life is mine; and who knows but that I shall carry them with me into another life?"

In the same way, when we arrive at certain stages in our earthly pilgrimage, we find it good and useful to take a retrospect of the past, and gaze at will through the long vista of the far-off years. Childhood, youth, early manhood, maturity—these, perhaps, all lie behind us; the flush of the young spring, the promise of the advancing months, the golden fullness of the summer—maybe, the first autumn-touches on flower and leaf. Warm bursts of genial sunshine, cloudless skies throbbing to their azure depths with light, nights glowing with constellations of stars and planets, odorous noons and the hush of dewy twilights—these, too, lie behind us. Yes; and dark, dreary days, swathed in folding mists and gloom, nights hideous with wailing winds and whirling snowdrifts, storms of rain and lightning and thunder! But, somehow or other, it is not upon these that the attention fixes as we make our backward survey. We see but little of the gloom and the sadness which gathered at times about our path; no, 'tis the brightness, the splendour of the far-off years that holds us spellbound. There are graves along the track, it is true, but we can scarce see them for the sunshine. If in the glory of a July noon, while wandering along the strand, you come upon a shattered wreck fast moored in the ripple of the dancing waves, you regard it with just a moment's curiosity—nothing more—not even with a thought of that black tempestuous night when the tall ship drifted to destruction among the roaring breakers, and the cries of strong swimmers in their agony ringing inland on the wind made the hearer shudder, and breathe a hasty prayer for the souls of the dying.

And thus it is that we pass idly over the wrecks of our lives. A merciful provision of Heaven! Like Bunyan's Pilgrim, as we go forward, we leave so much of our burden behind us that our step goes lighter as the road lengthens. Had we to carry our weight of sorrow and suffering all along the road—but no; 'twould be impossible; we should totter and stumble and fall prone beneath it. Therefore it is that memory fastens on the sunny places, the happy valleys, and the blooming flowers. The years have brought with them many failures and disappointments, many moods of anguish and bitterness; we have been betrayed, perhaps, by our mistress and deceived by our friend; our favourite schemes have turned to nothing, like fairy gold when exposed to the light of day; but, bless you! my dear Sir, now that from the vantage-ground of age you look back upon all these disorders and irregularities of Nature, they narrow down into a space too small for measurement. You remember the incidents faintly; the pain they caused, not at all. For the trouble which cuts like a knife to-day loses much of its edge in a week, and in six months is blunted quite. The lava flood—if I may be forgiven for trotting out again so hackneyed an image—issues from the womb of the volcano, hissing and seething, a stream of molten fire; but, before long, it cools and hardens, and covers its surface with fair vegetation and the smile of flowers. And, in like manner, over the burning tracts of our past, as the fires of passion die out, verdure and blossoms grow and multiply, until we can see but the faintest signs of what once has been, when, in later years, we survey the progress of our lives.

It is, I think, a good thing to have been young. It is true I have heard wiseacres complain that they have had to learn experience; and I suppose that just as Minerva sprang, a goddess nobly armed, from the brain of Jupiter, so would they fain have come into the world with the thews and muscles of their minds and bodies fully grown. Happily for us, God knew better! Why, to lose the freshness, the buoyancy, the unconsciousness, the simplicity, the trustfulness, the irrepressible ardour, the hopefulness, and the unrestrained enjoyment of youth would be to lose almost everything that sweetens the cup of life to the lips of Old Age. Therefore am I always grieved when I see children without their childhood—little men and little women, who are not permitted to know the bliss that belongs to their morning hours! With what pangs of regret will they say to themselves by-and-by, "Alas! I never was young!" "Tis a sin against their future to deprive them of a past. For it cannot be too strongly insisted upon that we elders find, or ought to find, no small portion of our happiness in the record of the far-off years, as it spreads before us, like an illuminated missal, adorned with all kinds of fair devices, emblems, and rich bits of colour. The more remote the prospect, perhaps, the greater the charm; just as those undulations of wooded hills and green slopes which at this moment I see against the distant horizon seem infinitely more suggestive of grace and beauty than the plains and pastures which spread immediately beneath my eye. There are valleys of shadow, no doubt; but it is the sunlit hilltops that catch the gaze, and carry us straight back into those joyful moods when we stared at an imaginary world—at the golden towers and shining battlements of El Dorado, not knowing that we were staring at a vision of our own creation. But it was excellent to have such dreams, and the most excellent thing is that we are able to recall them. So it is a good thing to have been young; and the next best thing is to remember our youth when we have grown old. I have no patience with those sour Calvinists who would have the greybeard's mind continually set upon "judgment and the world to come." Nay, let him trust in

God, and as he warms his hands in the fireside corner, let him still revive the shadows of the far-off years. I do not doubt that Moses on the summit of Pisgah sometimes turned from the radiant vision of the Promised Land to retrace the scenes of his wanderings with the Children of Israel, and gratefully praise Heaven for its gifts of the manna and the quails!

The brain has been likened to a palimpsest, on which successive events inscribe their records, one above the other. It will now and then happen, when we attempt to decipher a palimpsest, that the most important words fail to appear, while others of less significance are brought to light. It is in this fashion that the brain frequently obtrudes those passages of the far-off years which seem to us the least interesting. I have wandered among high mountains, have gazed on broad rivers and the glory of the sea; I have listened to great waterfalls and lingered in the recesses of green woods; and these at the time have so impressed me that I have felt as if I could never forget them; yet in "the sessions of sweet silent thought" they recur far less frequently than the image of a little pool, near a quiet Devonshire village, which I have not seen since my childhood. The mill-wheel was turned by a small-leet, or stream, brought to it in a kind of wooden trough from a spring some distance away; this trough, the rudest aqueduct, I suppose, that was ever constructed, crossed fields where the cattle stood knee-deep in the lush grass, and skirted a high bank of red sandstone, ran through an old mossy orchard, and then poured its splashing waters on the grinding, creaking wheel, which, in its turn, threw them off, with continual showers of diamond-drops, into a small still pool fringed with alder and willow, over which a rough bridge of planks led to the miller's door. Apple-trees were all round about, and patches of blackberries, and breadths of fragrant turf; and on sunny days the bees from the miller's hives maintained a ceaseless hubbub, busily coming and going, as is their custom; and always the running water filled the air with droning, dreamy sounds. A picturesque leafy corner, which the older poets would have fabled to be the haunt of some deserted fairy, or have connected with pale legends of love and sorrow—it was so lonely and secluded; yet possessing no special features that I know of to have stamped it so strongly on the mental retina. The reader, no doubt, will have had similar experiences; will have seen reproduced with startling distinctness the landscapes which in the old time least attracted him. Persons whom we have scarcely known persist in coming upon the stage; voices we have seldom heard echo constantly on our surprised ears. Memory, it would seem, has picked up and preserved the things which, as we passed along, we prized not at all; and when we turn over the register of the far-off years how mightily they astonish us!

As I have already observed, in this retrospective process, the gross bulk of our follies disappears. There is next to nothing of that desperate remorse, that passionate regret, which is assumed by moralists, poets, and theorists to be a constant law of Nature. 'Tis a grave error to suppose that Old Age is constantly occupied in sprinkling the ashes of the past with unavailing tears. The liveliness of conscience in the very best of us is somewhat dulled by the course of the months. The fact is that when those lapses of ours took place we underwent punishment, immediate and most ample; and 'twould be unreasonable that we should go on suffering *ad infinitum*. The consequences of our follies, to be sure, we cannot get rid of; but, generally, we contrive to adapt ourselves to them, and settle down sensibly to our work in life. What would become of the world if we all took to sniffing and snivelling, like a wretch with a chronic cold? The best way to lament one's imprudences is not to repeat them; amendment I take to be the soundest form of repentance. I am not looking at this matter from a theological view-point; and do not pretend that a sinner can ever divest himself of his sin. What I contend is, that when by-and-by we pick up the threads of our past lives we forget how often they ran into knots and tangles, and the trouble we had to disentangle them! Then, we thought all the world was raising a clatter about our ears; now, scarce a sign of the disturbance remains to ruffle the current of our pleasant dreams. Thus tenderly does God treat us when, as the sun goes down, we halt in our life-long march, and, turning eastward, wistfully eye the route we have travelled over. He wills not that we should smart again under the sorrow and the suffering which in the past beset us, but has so ordered it that our gaze shall rest almost entirely on the points of brightness and the flowery breadths; on the warm valleys where we lingered with those we loved, on the green hills which we clomb with the help of faithful arms; and still as we peer through the gathering mists we see the Divine Love brooding over the far-off years. W. H. D.-A.

Mr. E. J. Physick, sculptor, has been commissioned to execute the memorial of the late Mr. Henry Richard, M.P., which is to be erected by public subscription in Abney Park Cemetery.

The secretary of the Salt Schools, Yorkshire, has received an intimation that the Clothworkers' Company have voted £100 per annum for five years, to enable the trustees to carry on weaving and pattern-designing in the new technical annexe.

The Earl of Lisburne, one of the largest landowners in Wales, has addressed the following circular to all his Welsh tenants:—"I again intend at the next rent audit to return 15 per cent. on all rents paid in full on the days fixed. I do not do this because the times are bad, but to mark my sympathy for you in the bad times which I trust have now passed. I also hope you will deal quite openly with me and my agent. I shall always like to know how you are situated, and I shall endeavour to do all I can for you in every reasonable way. You will always find me your friend."

NOW PUBLISHING.]

THE

SUMMER NUMBER

OF THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CONTAINS

TWO COMPLETE STORIES:

"WILD DARRIE,"

By CHRISTIE MURRAY and HENRY HERMAN.
Illustrated by A. FORESTIER and G. MONTBARD.

"A SECRET OF TELEGRAPH HILL,"

By BRET HARTE.
Illustrated by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

TWO PRESENTATION PICTURES IN COLOURS

"CAUSE" AND "EFFECT."
After W. H. TROOD.

THREE WHOLE SHEETS AND PRESENTATION PICTURES,
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OBITUARY.

SIR W. W. ARBUTHNOT, BART.

Sir William Wedderburn Arbuthnot, Bart., died suddenly at 51, South Eaton-place, on June 5, aged fifty-seven. He was eldest son of Sir Robert Keith Arbuthnot, second Baronet, by Anne, his wife, younger daughter of Field-Marshal Sir John Forster Fitzgerald, G.C.B., and grandson of Sir W. Arbuthnot, who was made a Baronet at the civic banquet given to King George IV., at Edinburgh, in 1822, at which Mr. Arbuthnot presided as Lord Provost. The Baronet whose death we record married, June 11, 1863, Alice Margaret, daughter of the Rev. Matthew Carrier Tompson, Rural Dean and Vicar of Alderminster, Worcestershire, and leaves four sons and one daughter. The eldest son, now Sir Robert Keith Arbuthnot, fourth Baronet, was born March 23, 1864, and is a Lieutenant, Royal Navy.

LORD ADELBERT PERCY CECIL.

Lord Adelbert Percy Cecil, the well-known evangelist, youngest son of Brownlow, second Marquis of Exeter, drowned on June 12, near Adolphustown, Lennox, Western Canada, while out alone in a small boat. He was crossing the Bay of Quinte, Lake of Ontario, and, standing up to adjust the sail, lost his balance, and fell headlong into the water. In early life he was a Lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade.

MR. LA TROBE-BATEMAN, F.R.S.

Mr. John Frederic La Trobe-Bateman, F.R.S., of Moor Park, Surrey, J.P. and D.L., whose death is announced in his eighty-ninth year, was eldest son of the late Mr. John Bateman of Wyke, afterwards of Ockbrook, in the county of Derby, by Mary Agnes, his wife, daughter of the Rev. Benjamin La Trobe, a descendant of the La Trobes of Languedoc. He served as High Sheriff of Surrey in 1866; and assumed, by Royal license, in 1883 the prefix surname and arms of La Trobe. He married, Sept. 1, 1841, Anne, only daughter of Sir William Fairbairn, Bart., of Ardwick, and leaves three sons and four daughters. The eldest son, the Rev. William Fairbairn La Trobe-Bateman, married, in 1870, Mildred Jane Sumner, grand-daughter of Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Winchester. This celebrated engineer designed and carried out the Loch Katrine Waterworks for Glasgow, the Longdendale for Manchester, and the several systems for Halifax, Newcastle, Blackburn, Perth, and Forfar.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Robert Reeves, Q.C., in Dublin, on June 6.

Martha, Lady Bramwell, wife of Lord Bramwell, on June 5, at 17, Cadogan-place, in her fifty-fourth year.

Mr. Roderick Mackenzie, of Kincaig House, Ross-shire, formerly Captain 8th (Royal Irish) Hussars, on June 7.

Alexander Bain Chisholm, M.D., F.R.C.S., formerly of Wimpole-street, and late of Worthing, on June 1, in his eighty-fifth year.

The Hon. John Hamilton Gray, D.C.L., Judge of the Supreme Court of British Columbia, at Victoria, Vancouver Island, on June 5.

Mr. William Beaumont, aged ninety-two, the author of numerous antiquarian works, on June 6, at Warrington. He was first Mayor of Warrington.

Anne, Dowager Lady Hayter, widow of the Right Hon. Sir William Goodenough Hayter, Bart., M.P., and daughter of Mr. William Pulsford, of Linslade, Bucks, on June 2, in her eighty-second year.

Professor David Boyes Smith, Professor of Military Medicine in the Army Medical School at Netley, on June 3. This distinguished medical officer was appointed about three years ago, in succession to Professor Maclean.

Mr. Edward Henshaw Cheney, of Gaddesby, in the county of Leicester, J.P. and D.L., on June 6, at Bellagio, Lake of Como, aged seventy-five. He graduated B.A. Christchurch, Oxford, in 1836, and served as High Sheriff of Leicestershire in 1859.

Mr. Richard James Mansergh St. George, of Headford Castle, in the county of Galway, J.P., High Sheriff in 1864, formerly Lieutenant 3rd Dragoons, on June 2. He was son of the late Captain Stepany St. George Mansergh St. George, by Fanny, his wife, daughter of Colonel L'Estrange, of Moystown.

Vice-Admiral Thomas Cochran, aged seventy. He entered the service in 1833, was present at the blockade of Alexandria in 1841, and took part in the Chinese War of the same year. He retired from the service in 1874 with the rank of Captain, became Rear-Admiral in 1875, and Vice-Admiral in 1879.

Major-General Thomas T. Hodges, late 76th Regiment, on June 8, at The Knapp, Charlton Kings, Gloucestershire, aged fifty-three. Entering the Army in 1855, he served in the Indian campaign, 1857 to 1859, including the capture of Lucknow (medal with clasp), and in the Abyssinian campaign 1867 to 1868. He attained the rank of Major-General in 1886.

Mr. Arthur Crowdy, of Billesley Hall, Warwickshire, J.P. and D.L., at his residence near Alcester, on June 5, aged seventy-two. He was eldest son of the late Mr. Richard Wheeler Crowdy, of Faringdon, Berks, and married twice. His first wife was daughter and coheir of Mr. Matthew Mills, of Billesley Hall; and his second, the only daughter of Admiral Charles Crowdy.

Major E. A. De Cosson, F.R.G.S., at his residence, Southfield House, Frome, Somerset, on June 5, at the age of thirty-nine. He was descended from an ancient French family, established in the South of France until the Revolution, when his grandfather emigrated, serving first in the army of the Princes, and then in the Hombesche regiment of Hussars, which, becoming the 10th Hussars in the British Army, he came with it to England. In 1873, Major De Cosson visited King John of Abyssinia, then encamped near Lake Tsana, at the head of the Blue Nile. Thence he proceeded to Khartoum, and rode across the Desert to Suakin. He published an account of this journey in a book entitled "The Cradle of the Blue Nile." In 1885 he was attached to Sir Gerald Graham's Field Force at Suakin, in command of the Water Transport. He was present at the Battle of Tofrek (McNeill's zereba), where his horse was shot under him. He was mentioned in despatches, and gazetted Major on his return from the Egyptian Campaign, of which he gave an account in a work entitled "Days and Nights of Service." The deceased gentleman was married on March 11, 1879, at Weymouth, to Eliza, daughter of George Morant, Esq., late of the Grenadier Guards.

"Two Friends" have given £1000 to the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT WINDSOR.



VIEW OF THE SHOW-YARDS, FROM BROMLEY HILL.



QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, WINDSOR PARK.



ENTRANCE TO THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT WINDSOR.



QUEEN ANNE'S RIDE, WINDSOR PARK.

NEW BOOKS.

The British Empire (With other Essays). By Dr. Geffcken. Translated by S. J. Macmullan (Sampson Low and Co.).—The imprisonment and prosecution of Dr. Geffcken, a personal friend of the beloved late Emperor Frederick of Germany, for the offence of having published some part of the Diary written by that wise and noble Prince before his accession to the throne, will have disposed many Englishmen to read with some attention this selection of Dr. Geffcken's political essays. They treat of the affairs and prospects of our own country; the British Empire; the public characters of the late Prince Consort, of the late Lord Beaconsfield, and of Mr. Gladstone; and the problem of a Reform of the House of Lords. These are topics which may not easily be understood by a foreign student; and, with all our respect for German historical and philosophical science, as well as for the practical achievements of North Germany in civil and military administration, we cannot yet admit that any instruction is to be received by us from that quarter in the principles of English constitutional government. Our political liberties, whether or not they are to be admired and imitated by Continental nations, were never learnt, and will never be unlearned, by the example or the doctrine of any other people in Europe. Dr. Geffcken has visited England; but a German of equal intelligence, who had lived thirty years among us, would fail to comprehend the House of Commons, or the English newspaper press, or the position of a Prime Minister, or the nature of Cabinet Councils, in this really popular, still rather aristocratic, loyally free, and tolerably harmonious United Kingdom. Prince Bismarck has no idea of our State; Count Cavour had, but he was not a German; and the fact is, that some Italian and some French politicians, of the Liberal school, have been far better able to enter into English political notions than the strongest heads of the German nation.

It is not surprising, however, that these German critics of England, having recently achieved a marvellous success in the creation of a powerful military Empire, should direct their attention, first of all, to the prospects of what is vaguely styled "the British Empire," which is, nevertheless, essentially different from any Continental dominion. Dr. Geffcken was in London at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition of 1886; he was struck by the arithmetical statement that the area of British dominion is 9,126,999 square miles, with a population of 305,337,929, and by the diversity of countries and races comprised within it. He inspected the various contents of the Exhibition, perused some accounts of the Colonies, glanced at the history of the conquest of the East and the West Indies, of Canada and the Cape; then he sat down to consider the future of our Empire. Much that he says, especially of naval defences, the protection of our merchant-vessels at sea, the fortifications and garrisons of ports and coaling stations, all over the world, is exactly what we have all been saying, and demanding to get done, for several years past. But with regard to military establishments, he does not seem aware that, for purposes of this kind, the unity of the "British Empire" is merely nominal; that the resources of our greater Colonies, in men and money, are not under the control of the British Government; that the Indian Empire is a separate Empire, administered by an official body of Englishmen, but not to be taxed by our Parliament, which does not legislate for it, and not to be used as a recruiting-ground for the British Army; in short, that the fighting strength of our own Government, for land warfare, except in India, must be drawn from the British Islands, with their thirty-six millions of people. It is only the naval force, with the naval stations and commercial ports of the Empire, that can be dealt with by the Imperial Government on a scale of magnitude equal to confronting a powerful enemy; though some aid may conveniently be given, as was arranged by the Colonial Conference of 1887, to the coast and harbour and local marine defences of Australia and other colonies. Our small military expeditions against savage and barbarian foes in Africa have been conducted with little or no help from the self-governed colonists there; and the readiness of some Australian Volunteers to join our camp in the Soudan is no proof that the Legislatures at Sydney and Melbourne would vote millions and raise troops for a European or Asiatic war. Dr. Geffcken sees, indeed, the fallacy of expecting any such results from an "Imperial Federation," which he regards as an utterly unpractical scheme, as none of the self-governing Colonies would give up their independence in matters of trade or of revenue. It follows, of necessity, that the British Empire, exclusive of India, if there be really such an Empire, in the proper sense of "Imperium," which is military command, must put up with a small army for any foreign service.

Under these circumstances, if only the strength of our Navy, and the security of our coast defences, our distant mercantile ports, our maritime arsenals, and our coaling stations, were made sufficient for any emergency, the taunts and reproaches of a German writer, disappointed by our refusal to engage in European quarrels, might be wisely disregarded. It is of little avail to tell us that Russia and France would not venture to attack English interests, the one in Afghanistan, the other in Egypt, when England had joined the alliance of Germany, Austro-Hungary, and Italy. Prince Bismarck has never promised, that we know of, to protect the Afghan frontier, the Khedive's reformed administration, or the neutrality of the Suez Canal, with the forces of the German Empire. On the other hand, since the British Army, without a conscription, is supposed incapable of placing more than fifty thousand men at once in a battlefield, there is a patriotic sentiment here unwilling to put such a contingent of our soldiers under the orders of a German Field-Marshal, or even with an Austrian or Italian army numbering a hundred and fifty thousand. If such considerations have had any weight in the mind of Lord Salisbury, as well as in "the weak and radically vicious policy of Mr. Gladstone," of which Dr. Geffcken expresses severe disapproval, we conclude that the honour, and the safety also we hope, of England and the British Empire are studied by our own statesmen without a German tutor. It has been so during the past half-century, even in the lifetime of the excellent Prince Consort, whose "advice in German affairs," says Dr. Geffcken, "was sometimes at fault, because he had become too much a stranger to his native land." Lord Palmerston, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone, also, whatever be the errors imputed to them in these critical essays, found it would be inexpedient to rely on a German alliance, and did not rashly challenge a conflict with France. Dr. Geffcken is an able political reviewer, from his national standpoint; but it is not the point of view from which most Englishmen look on the position of this country and its vast dependencies in every part of the globe.

Bench and Bar Reminiscences. By Mr. Serjeant B. C. Robinson (Hurst and Blackett).—"One of the last of an ancient race"—there are but seventeen gentlemen now living who were Serjeants-at-law, and twelve of them have been made Judges—the author of this amusing volume, who obtained his coif in 1865, has many good stories of his professional experience to relate. His personal reminiscences, confined to those of the "Bench and Bar," are as well worth

reading as those of the late Serjeant Ballantine, though he has not so much to tell us of theatrical and literary notabilities. Elderly Londoners can remember when the practice of the Central Criminal Court, then commonly spoken of as "the Old Bailey," was regarded as a constant source of popular entertainment, the comical element being often mingled with the tragical, sometimes not in an edifying fashion; while civil suits also, of a peculiar character, such as the actions for "crim. con.," since abolished, frequently contributed to the taste for a vulgar kind of humour. No anecdotes of this objectionable kind are preserved by Mr. Serjeant Robinson; but the names of several of his contemporaries, whom he mentions in a friendly or charitable spirit, may recall incidents belonging to a past generation, and very fit to be forgotten. Half a century ago, we are told, at the evening sittings in the Old Bailey, a subordinate Judge and an Alderman, taking their seats together on the Bench, after dining upstairs at three o'clock and sitting over their wine, might be in a rather unseemly condition. The Clerks of the Court would keep them from doing any serious injustice, but they made ridiculous blunders; and two or three grotesque "bulls," in the sentences passed by an eccentric Serjeant, are here reported, perhaps not for the first time. Things of old date which have long been the current coin of professional jocularities are apt to get into print more than once. They may, in some instances, be of mythical origin; indeed, we know that a whole cycle of myths has gathered about the singular figure of Mr. Justice Maule. So, possibly, with Charles Phillips, the recklessly eloquent Irish defender of Courvoisier, though his conduct in that case is well authenticated; and so with the famous Serjeant Wilkins. The standard of propriety and dignity at the Bar, and the rules of an advocate's duty, have certainly been improved, like every other function of social life.

Serjeant Robinson's theory of the ethics of professional advocacy, at the close of his eighth chapter, appears to us perfectly sound. Counsel are not bound, like Judge and Jury, to discover the whole truth, but to serve as one part of an intellectual machinery, by which, the other parts being in full activity, the truth of fact and law is to be elicited, and justice is to be done by the Court upon an impartial verdict. That this practice is not demoralising seems to be proved by the signal integrity and sincerity of English Judges, all of whom have been professional advocates, doing their best for clients. Any one who has watched the earlier career, at the Bar, of the eminent men who have subsequently adorned the Bench, will understand the effect of such training; we can recollect, for example, both Lord Chief Justice Cockburn and Chief Justice Erle, not to speak of Judges now living, in their practice as Counsel, and few Judges have surpassed them in the love of truth and right. The suggestion of Serjeant Robinson, with regard to Erle, whom he knew rather intimately, that he leaned too much to the equitable and moral claim, against the legal and technical, may be well founded; but Erle was one of the sincerest of men. These higher considerations, on which one naturally delights to dwell, have lifted us far above the region of mere Bar gossip; but there is plenty of that, harmless in quality and always diverting, in the volume before us.

We scarcely like to quote any stories of the uncouth, ignorant, awkward behaviour of Judges, whose office is entitled to as much reverence as that of Bishops. Among noted men at the Bar, to whose memory no such conventional regard is due, Mr. Edwin James was a remarkable figure, and is well in our recollection as an example to be avoided; there is a droll story of him, but his career was sad. Going still further back, the author gives us a brief reminiscence of Sir William Follett, a man almost forgotten, whose premature death in 1845 deprived the Bar of a rare forensic genius, and Parliament of a debater likely to have outshone the brightest of the Peel party. It is not without feelings of regret for several of those who have departed in our time, along with some who can well be spared in the public life of this age, that one lays down Serjeant Robinson's interesting book. The world has a way of producing able men for its service in each generation; a supply of good and honourable men, let us hope, may also be forthcoming; we trust that they will never be wanting to "Bench and Bar."

THE VOLUNTEERS.

Corporal Caldwell, 1st Renfrew, has won the Scottish National Championship at Darnley, near Glasgow, at the annual meeting of the Scottish National Rifle Association, with 116 points, made up of 42 at 500 yards and 74 at 600.

What with drills and inspections, the metropolitan Volunteers had a busy day of it on June 15. Fully 10,000 men were under arms in the London parks and corps parade grounds. The Engineers were at Hendon, whilst various rifle corps mustered in Hyde Park, Regent's Park, and Kensington-gardens.

The annual prize meeting of the Surrey Rifle Association opened on Wimbledon Common on June 13, when several hundred of the principal shots of the Surrey Volunteer Regiments entered for the Challenge Cup presented by Sir Henry Peek, and other prizes of the value of several hundreds of pounds. After an exciting contest between Colour-Sergeant Giles, of the 3rd East Surrey (Kingston), and Private News, 1st East Surrey (South London), the former was declared the winner of the Cup with an aggregate of 94 points, Private News being only one point behind. Colour-Sergeant Smith, 3rd West Surrey (the Queen's Silver Medallist and winner of the Prince of Wales's Prize), was next with 92; similar scores being recorded to Sergeant Peat (2nd West Surrey), Private Messenger (1st East Surrey), Private Gowman (1st West Surrey), and Sergeant Howell, 2nd East Surrey (Wimbledon). Colour-Sergeant Smith won the rifle championship of Surrey, the challenge cup, value £100, and the bronze medal and county badge, with an aggregate of 278 points on the 13th and 14th. The second medal was won by Private Delafeld (1st West Surrey), with 266; and the other prizes by Sergeant Peat (2nd West Surrey), 266; Sergeant Howell (2nd East Surrey), 265; Private Messenger (1st Surrey), 262; Sergeant Feldwick (2nd West Surrey), 261; Private Comber (2nd East Surrey), 261; and Private Ennis (1st Surrey), 260. The above will form the team for the China Cup at the Wimbledon meeting.

Mr. Robert Baxter Llewellyn (late Administrator of St. Vincent) has been appointed Administrator of the Island of St. Lucia and its dependencies, and to administer the government of the Windward Islands in the event of the absence of the Governor.

Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods concluded on June 14, at Camden Place, Chiselmurst, the English home of Napoleon III., the sale of the contents of the house. The disposal of the tapestry led to brisk competition, and the following lots sold as follow:—A panel of old Brussels tapestry, £72; a fine oblong panel of old French tapestry, £100; an oblong panel of old Brussels tapestry representing a village fête, £450; an upright panel of old French tapestry, £100; a large panel with a battle scene, £160; a large oblong panel of old Flemish tapestry with entrance to a palace and figures in a landscape, 360 guineas. The three days' sale realised £5000.

SKETCHES IN BURMAH.

The Yaw country, among the forests and hills beyond the upper course of the Chindwin, the western tributary of the Irrawaddy, has been frequently mentioned of late, having been traversed by the military expedition sent to repress the inroads of the Chin tribes on that part of the Burmese frontier. Among the incidents of the campaign, already narrated, was the wound received by a native political officer of the Government, whose party, travelling through the forest, was attacked by some band of the enemy lying in ambush. In one of the scenes represented by our Illustrations, he is seen being carried along the road on a stretcher. Pouk, the chief native town of this country, is the residence of an important Buddhist ecclesiastical dignitary, who may be styled the Archbishop, being the official head of the priests and monks of that religion in the province. This most reverend prelate came, in his State carriage, to visit the British military commander, and his equipage is shown in another Illustration. We are indebted to Surgeon Arthur Newland, as before, for the photographs taken by him, which are copied in our Engravings.

DUCK-SHOOTING IN MANITOBA.

There is no region of Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, where English sportsmen do not look for shooting of one kind or another. It was declared long ago by Bully Bottom, according to Shakspeare, that your lion is the most terrible wild-fowl living; and Englishmen will prefer to shoot lions, whenever they can get at them; but in some parts of the world, even in the western parts of Canada, they will not disdain to exercise their skill on ducks. Manitoba, a vast plain with little covert, does not afford any big game; the moose, the elk, and the buffalo have long since departed. That country has no forests or mountains, but many rivers, creeks, and ponds, to which, as it appears in our correspondent's Sketches, a gentleman has betaken himself, joining two friends living in the district, with a purpose of sport. They have a waggon-load of luggage, including a portable punt made of zinc, and several chests filled with ammunition and provisions. On land or water, prepared for either element, they feel confident of their ability to do very well. But there is, unfortunately too abundant in Manitoba, a third element, that of mud, with which it is not so easy to deal. Where the surface-water lies only a few inches deep, the punt cannot be floated; and where the mud is bottomless, the punt-pole cannot be used.

One of the sportsmen, believing that ducks are to be found beyond the fringe of bulrushes, will venture to reconnoitre on foot. He wades boldly forward, caring not a whit for wet feet; but soon finds the mud deeper than he expected. It may, for aught he knows, with the prodigious accounts he has heard of the rich soil of Manitoba, go down to a fathomless abyss. Its tenacity is more than embarrassing—positively alarming; one leg sticks fast, then the other leg; presently, the whole man begins to sink perpendicularly; he can only save himself by taking a horizontal posture, spreading all his limbs on the surface, and floundering to the shore. In a pretty mess, of course, he endures the heartless laughter of his companions, and does not see the joke of being plastered all over with mire. They decide, however, to find a piece of deep water, and to try the patent punt. This ingenious portable craft, for convenient carriage, is constructed in two halves, fore and aft; and each of them, when separated, may be taken by one man. It looked very practical in the manufacturer's store; but, here in the wilds of Manitoba, the mechanical juncture proves to be somehow imperfect. Our friend has poled off the bank, and has got fairly afloat, when, to his extreme horror, the catch at the bottom of the punt refuses to hold the two parts together. The whole concern suddenly doubles up, then divides, and sinks beneath him, happily without endangering his life. Instead of getting the ducks he gets a ducking, but recovers the useless sections of his zinc punt, and swears never to use it again. Notwithstanding the failure of so much apparatus, he may yet be consoled by tolerable sport, with due patience in waiting for more favourable weather.

The opening took place, on June 13, at Birmingham, of the new building intended for the High School for Girls, in connection with King Edward's Grammar School. The new premises will accommodate 250 girls, and it is hoped to extend the accommodation for 300.

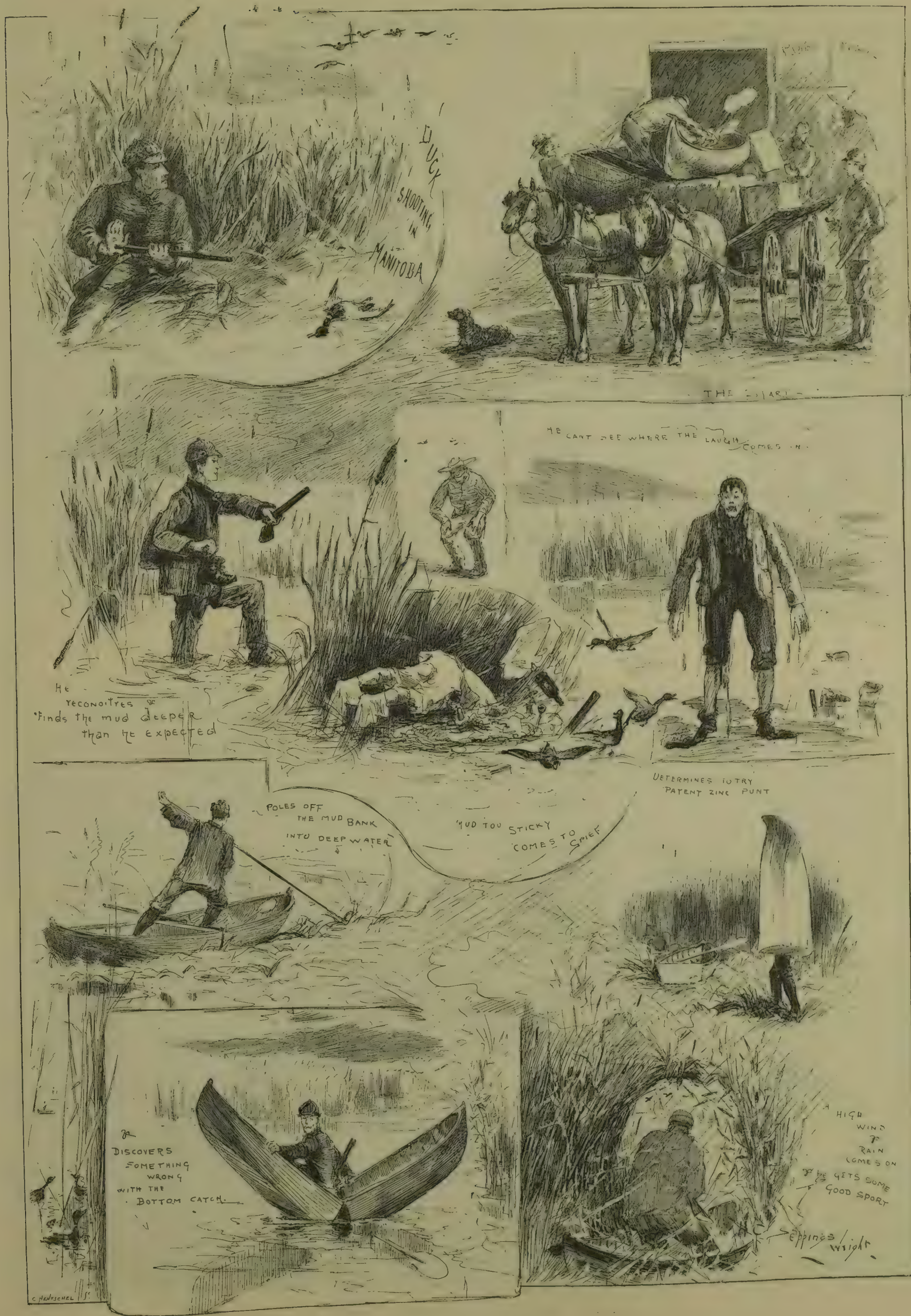
The Jubilee Festival of the Gardeners' Royal Benevolent Institution was held on June 13, at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild presiding. The subscription list read showed that the chairman's list amounted to £1500, and nearly £1000 had been contributed in small amounts.

An offer made about a year ago by Captain W. H. Turton, of the School of Military Engineering, Chatham, to contribute £3000 towards the rebuilding of the garrison church at Chatham, on condition that the Government subscribed £11,000 towards the scheme, has been declined, the Government expressing its appreciation of Captain Turton's liberal offer.

The accounts of the Duchy of Cornwall for the year 1888 show that the receipts were £107,572, of which £71,152 accrued from rents. This sum was reduced by outstanding arrears to £96,021. Of the expenditure a sum of £61,971 was paid to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales as Duke of Cornwall; £8545 was laid out in the improvement of the estate; £8195 was deducted under various Acts of Parliament. Expenses of management came to £7671, and there was a sum left at the end of the year of £9804.

The Kaiser Wilhelm's University at Strassburg is about to commence the building of a new Library, to contain at first 859,000 volumes. Nearly £50,000 has been devoted to the work, and the site is given by the city of Strassburg; and the space is so vast, that additional rooms can be added later. The bibliographical treasures of the city are large and rare. They contain many unique works, and the authorities are so liberal in lending their treasures that the books of this library may be called the common property of the civilised world. Besides the new Library, a Medical School and a Zoological Institute are to be erected, and two wings devoted to the study of surgery.

The Canadian Government are notifying an important change in the land regulations in Manitoba and the north-west territories which will come into operation on Jan. 1, 1890. From and after that date, in accordance with clause 46 of the Dominion Land Acts (Revised Statutes of Canada, chap. 54), the privilege of pre-emption in connection with a homestead entry will be discontinued. Free grants of 160 acres will continue to be given to all male settlers of the age of eighteen and upwards and to females who are the heads of families, and there is still an immense area of land available for this purpose. Hitherto, however, such persons have had the right to pre-empt the adjoining 160 acres, to be paid for at the end of three years, and it is this concession that is to be terminated at the commencement of next year. Settlers will, of course, be able to purchase public and other lands in the districts in question as heretofore.



DUCK-SHOOTING IN MANITOBA.



WOUNDED POLITICAL OFFICER CARRIED ON A STRETCHER.



THE ARCHBISHOP IN HIS STATE CARRIAGE AT POUK.



WAZIRGUR, FROM PURANDHAR.



PURANDHAR, FROM THE TOP OF WAZIRGUR.

AN INDIAN HILL SANITARIUM, PURANDHAR, NEAR POONA, BOMBAY.

AN INDIAN HILL SANITARIUM.

The hill-station represented in our Sketches is distant twenty-five miles from Poona and 144 miles from Bombay; it consists of two hills, Purandhar and Wazirgur, rising abruptly from the plain to a height of 1500 ft. The height above sea-level is 4500 ft. On a terrace 300 ft. below the top of the hill is situated the Cantonment, with barracks for about 130 men. Soldiers are sent here from all parts of the Bombay Presidency to recruit their health. On the top of both hills are the ruins of old Mahratta fortifications, which have a long history of deeds of bloodshed and intrigue. Under the Triple Bastion, seen in the right hand corner of the general view of Purandhar, is said to be buried treasure to a vast amount, but perhaps it is not there. Tradition says that there was a difficulty in building this bastion; it fell down three times; so the King slaughtered a few people, and laid the foundation with gold bricks; after that there was no more trouble. Such is the story told by an inscription on brass, at present in the safe keeping of Government. The Sketches are taken by Surgeon R. H. Moore, of the Bombay Medical Staff.

A THEATRE IN A CORN-FIELD.

After this year's performances the Wagner Theatre in Bayreuth is to be closed for at least two years. It was inaugurated in 1876, with the now historical production of Wagner's tetralogy, the "Nibelungen Ring." Then came a silence for six years. In 1882, "Parsifal" was produced. This was repeated in 1883 and 1884. In 1885 "Tristan" was added; and in 1888 the "Meistersinger." This year the performances are to consist of "Tristan," the "Meistersinger," and "Parsifal," and the two former dramas are then to fall out of the Bayreuth repertoire for at least ten years, as the authorities propose to put all Wagner's other works on the stage in more or less chronological order, commencing with "Tannhäuser" in 1891 or 1892. Those, therefore, who wish to see the Bayreuth performances in their greatest glory, and who wish also to see Wagner's three most characteristic masterpieces performed as they can be performed nowhere else, had better seize this opportunity.

I propose to show how easy the journey is. All roads to the Continent lead through Cologne, and as far as Cologne the tourist has an endless choice of routes. He can go via Calais, Boulogne, Ostend, or Flushing; or, if he has a frugal mind, via Antwerp or Rotterdam. If he is both frugal and in a hurry he had better go by way of Flushing. Then he will get to Cologne at two p.m. Take a delightful dip in the Rhine, see that you have a good dinner after it, and in the cool of the evening bowl on to Frankfort by the train leaving Cologne at five, and arriving at Frankfort at 10.40 the same night. I have no wish to puff hotels, but it may be convenient for those who are new to the ground to know what houses they can go to with the certainty of being comfortable; therefore, I suggest the Hôtel d'Angleterre for Frankfort. Frankfort is well worth at least one day. Spend the morning sightseeing. There is Goethe's House, the cathedral, the Ariadne, the Römer, and there are the streets. In the afternoon go to the Zoological Gardens or the Botanical Gardens, whichever announces a concert; and spend the evening at the opera. The journey from Frankfort to Nürnberg is a tedious one, and there are no really good trains. The way to get most advantage out of an otherwise wasted day, is to leave Frankfort at eleven, and break the journey at Würzburg. Würzburg is a very picturesque and interesting old town. The lion of the place is the Archbishop's palace, which contains some fine frescoes, and of which the state-rooms are well worth a visit. Then there is the old theatre in which Wagner began his career as a professional musician at the magnificent salary of £1 a month. The tourist must by no means miss the "Bürgerspital" where there is a wine-tasting room in which he can get a really splendid bottle of "Leistenwein." At the foot of the bridge across the Main there is a floating bath anchored in a mill-race. The water rushes through the cells, and the visitor has all the excitement of swimming the Niagara rapids without any of the risk. Leave Würzburg about eight p.m., and arrive in Nürnberg at half-past ten. There is nothing new to be said about this lovely city, except that it is even more picturesque than the scenery in the Lyceum "Faust." The Württemberger Hof is conveniently close to the station.

The Bayreuth train leaves Nürnberg at 12.10, and reaches Bayreuth at 2.40. There is only just time to call at our lodgings, and then drive straight on to the theatre. Before starting from England, the intending visitor will have secured his seats in the theatre for the performances he proposes to attend. These commence with "Parsifal," on Sunday, July 21, and continue till Aug. 18 in the following order:—Sundays and Thursdays, "Parsifal"; Mondays, "Tristan"; Wednesdays, "Meistersinger"; with an extra performance of "Meistersinger" on Saturday, Aug. 17. In many ways the most convenient arrangement is to arrive in Bayreuth on Monday and take the dramas in this order—Monday, "Tristan"; Wednesday, "Meistersinger"; Thursday, "Parsifal." This gives us only one off-day, which we can employ profitably in visiting Wagner's house and grave, the park, the graves of Liszt and Jean Paul Richter in the town-cemetery, the Margrave's palace, the old Opera House, and the stage of the Wagner Theatre. In the afternoon a drive to the Eremitage is pleasant. The Wagner Theatre is very literally a theatre in a corn-field.

The performance begins at four p.m.; there is an interval of about an hour after every act, which can be employed either in dining at the theatre restaurant, or in a stroll through the corn-fields themselves or into the pleasant forest which comes down almost to the doors of the theatre. The visitor can secure his tickets either of Messrs. Chappell in Bond-street or by writing to the "Verwaltungsrath, Bayreuth." In the same way lodgings can be secured by writing to the "Wohnungs-Committee, Bayreuth." The average costs of lodgings is from three to five shillings a night, and for this sum really excellent accommodation is offered. One or two more hints will not be out of place. It is no use taking scores or librettos into the theatre, as the auditorium is plunged in darkness throughout the performance. Ample warning is given of the commencement of each act, but after the commencement no late comers are admitted. Visitors can wear any costume they like, but ladies are requested to take off their hats. There is an excellent restaurant about two hundred yards behind the theatre, where coffee, &c., can be had in the intervals, better and cheaper than at the theatre restaurant. No talking or fidgeting is tolerated in the theatre, and the misguided individual who, mindful of London fashions, should attempt to leave before the curtain falls, would be instantly lynched.

The question is often asked: Where can we go after leaving Bayreuth? Well, if you want more Wagner you can go to Dresden, where, as a rule, the "Nibelungen Cycle" is given immediately after the conclusion of the Bayreuth festival; or, if you want seclusion and picturesque surroundings, try Rothenburg, which is an absolutely untouched mediæval city near Ansbach.

L. N. P.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

NATIONAL MUSCLE.

I observe that Lord C. Beresford, M.P., has been of late advocating the higher and better development of what seems to me to be admirably termed the "national muscle." Under this designation is included, of course, the physical development of the British people; and Lord Wolseley and others have likewise been impressing on our minds the desirability of physical culture as one of the essentials for success in life. The tenets naval and military authorities have recently been preaching, however, are precisely those which health reformers have for many years past perpetually advocated. The *mens sana in corpore sano* phrase was an ancient expression of the truth that the best things of the life mental can only, as a rule, be gathered and garnered when the life physical has been wisely and well ordered and supervised. We have all along applauded in tacit fashion this declaration, but we have lamentably fallen short of its practical application nevertheless. Only of late days has there been evinced an awakened interest in the due development of bone and muscle. Hitherto, what with school-boards and examinations, we have argued and acted as if the bodies of the people were non-existent, and as if the national brain were everything and the national muscle nothing. Over-education became a rampant cry a year or two ago, and the cry was a warning note coming from the medical side against over-pressure on brain and nerves. Now that we have recognised the Scylla of excessive brain-work, let us steer clear of the Charybdis of muscle glorification. If we can strike the happy mean, and develop brain and body in an harmonious ratio, we shall find ourselves on the high road to national prosperity of the truest and best description.

The plea for "national muscle" is a very rational one. Acute observers have been fixing their gaze on our city populations, and have told us, in no uncertain phrases, that given a town life, with its sedentary course of events, its absence of exercise, and its other disadvantages, the units represented therein will tend to die out through sheer lack of stamina. My late friend, Dr. Milner Fothergill, and Mr. Cantlie both spoke and wrote strongly on this head. Their example, has been imitated by many other medical men. The surroundings of city life predispose towards decay and degeneration of the race—that is the main point in all the declarations of medical science. London, these authoritative opinions hold, is only saved from the more obvious signs of this race-decay by the perpetual influx of new blood from the country. Nearly half a million of fresh-bodied units, it is said, arrive in our great Babylon every year. They settle down, marry, and for a time stay the degenerative process by the infusion of healthy life. But as time passes, it is held, they are added to the great majority who are physically on the down-grade road; and two or three generations of London life see them out and as extinct as the dodo itself. There are other tests and proofs of this physical weakness among the people. The proportion of Army recruits rejected on account of physical disqualifications, is of an alarming nature. Considering that the recruits are chosen from a class which owns to muscle, at least, if it cannot boast of brain, what army-surgeons have to tell us cannot be passed over by sanguine optimists with a delusive or self-satisfying smile. If, therefore, we are disposed to make allowance for alarm, and to discount figures by even a big percentage, there must still remain a solid mass of facts regarding the "national muscle" which cannot be shelved or neglected.

The sanitarian is always a hopeful person, to my way of thinking, and as somewhat connected with that body which lectures, scolds, and argues about health, I confess personally that I partake of the cheerfulness which characterises the hygienic species at large. The horizon is not a dull one on which we look out. Contrariwise, there is a very fair prospect for the "national muscle," I think, when all is said and done. I admit the fact of modern crowded life tending towards race-decay. I fail to see how the tenants of the slums can be anything else than degraded in mind and degenerate in body. I know the revenge which poor food, bad water, and, still more, bad air and intemperance together work out on those whose lives fail somehow to lead them towards higher or better things. But, at the same time, I am conscious that there are agencies at work which we may confidently hope to counteract these untoward conditions, and to bring us, as a nation, back into the pathways of the sound body. For example, there is football, a game practised by high and low, and a form of physical exercise which, despite all its drawbacks, has a wonderful knack of educating up the "national muscle." Then there is the Volunteer movement, to which many a city-lad owes a vast deal as a health-producing agent. Cycling grows year by year in popularity, and rowing, and lawn-tennis, not to speak of the time-honoured cricket, or the quieter and more respectable (for elderly persons I mean) game of golf, are all coming to the front as correctives to sedentary lives, to stagnant circulation, and to the gout, without a twinge of which fashionable ailment no person above fifty seems, in these latter days, to think himself thoroughly respectable. While one is speaking of the sterner sex and "national muscle" it would be both ungallant and illogical to omit all reference to the physical education of ladies. With devout thankfulness one sees the old-fashioned boarding-school idea of exercise—the dismal, daily walk in twos—replaced by the school gymnasium, with its regulated training for the muscles of girls. With equal gratitude the fair sex should regard lawn-tennis and cycling, while a Thames holiday teaches one that girls, while they may not, to use the schoolboy's phrase, be able "to throw a stone," can certainly row and swim with ease and grace.

There never was an epoch of our national life, I maintain, when the "national muscle" had a better chance of vigorous cultivation than now. It will not be for want of opportunity of rising above deterioration, if city life sinks and decays as we are told it is fast doing. Even into the London Board schools, if I mistake not, they have imported the physical exercises of that wise Swede, Ling, who, years ago, solved the problem how to train the youthful muscle while educating the youthful brain. There is no reason why the school should not be made the training-ground of the "national muscle" as well as of the national intellect. Children take readily to drill exercises—it is to them like playing at soldiers—and the regulated exercises of Ling and others possess the moral value which Lord Wolseley claims for volunteering, in imparting habits of order and discipline which cannot be without their due effort in after-life. The institution of public gymnasia, and the efforts of the National Physical Recreation Society to systematise physical education, are worthy and powerful aids to the work of bodily culture. Only let us get rid of the old lady's idea that gymnastic exercises mean standing on one's head and other acrobatic feats—this was her reason for objecting to her grandchild's attendance at the school gymnasium—and as a nation we shall heartily support the idea that to cultivate successfully the "national muscle" means national wealth; and this, because it first of all implies an increased measure of national health.

ANDREW WILSON.

IBEX-SHOOTING IN INDIA.

Our Illustrations of this sport are from Sketches by Mr. E. Kennard. The ibex is a wild goat, one distinctive feature of which is the knotted horns of large size. This fine animal was supposed by Buffon to be the original parent of the common European goat, as well as of the chamois; but modern zoologists have found another primitive stock in the Caucasus and in Persia. The male is nearly black, and stands 3 ft. 9 in. high at the shoulder, with powerful limbs, and with horns twelve inches long. Not only good marksmanship is required for success in the pursuit of the ibex, but a sure mountaineering foot, and a steady head that will look over a precipice without feeling giddy. The buck ibex has great speed and agility, leaping chasms thirty feet wide from rock to rock. Fogs are not unfrequent, and the huntsman, after searching for game all day, will be astonished by the sudden vision of a herd of ibex, revealed at the lifting of the vaporous veil. Captain Henry Shakspear, in his "Wild Sports of India," relates how once the black male of a herd actually ran against him in a fog. The ibex, when wounded, is very tenacious of life, and may sometimes get away, sliding down the cliff, after he was thought to be dead.

WASTING THE MIND.

Writing in her journal, Dorothy Wordsworth says that her brother "wasted his mind in the magazines." In Wordsworth's case the process of waste could not have lasted long, since for the greater part of his life he disregarded periodical literature, and even seems to have left the newspapers unread. When quite young, he proposed starting a magazine, but happily the project failed; for no man could have been less fitted for the steady labour of journalism. But whether Wordsworth wasted his mind or not, it is certain that most men are liable to do so in one way or another, and the expression is so suggestive that it may serve as a text for a little discourse.

I suppose there are few of us so virtuous as not to be sometimes tempted to waste our minds. Intellectual exertion is always an effort, and it is pleasant to cherish the delusion that we are doing something when we are really idle. There is many a man who never tests the powers of his mind at all. He will not take the trouble to find out what he can achieve. He is content with routine, and plods through life with mental powers scarcely half alive. There is nothing easier than intellectual rust, and no complaint more insidious. Temptations and excuses abound. We are weak in body, perhaps, or troubled with a want of pence, or allured by the claims of society, or by what we choose to regard as family obligations. It is not every person who, like the judicious Hooker, will study Horace while he is tending sheep. Most of us think it is enough to do one thing at a time, and if it taxes the brain, are apt to find it irksome. The necessity of bodily exercise is universally acknowledged, but the mind may waste and shrink from want of use without any regard or compunction. "Never to be doing nothing" was Sir Walter Scott's maxim; "Never to do anything that you can avoid doing" is practically the maxim of the man who allows his intellect to dwindle for lack of exercise. To waste the mind is to make both mind and body more liable to disease. Labour is the secret of a healthy life, and it has been well said that no constitutions are so morbid as those by which no work is done. Overwork is, no doubt, one of the great evils of our day; but very much of the harm thus caused is due to the mechanical monotony of the toil, which exhausts the body and leaves no leisure for mental exertion. The man is fortunate who discovers early in life the bent of his mind; yet I think he is still more to be congratulated if he gives scope to his intellect in different directions, and does not work his brain in too narrow a groove. Depth is a virtue truly, but so also is breadth; and don't you think it is sometimes possible to be so deep as to be dull? The mind moves, indeed, but, like a squirrel in a cage, it makes no progress.

A writer once said that the mind does not enlarge after forty, and no doubt he spoke from personal experience. It may cease to grow long before that age, and the fool at forty whose condition the poet Young deplored was probably a fool of the same magnitude at thirty. But the healthy progress and activity of the mental powers does not cease thus early. A man is not old until he thinks himself so. When at the age of eighty, Lord Palmerston was asked what he considered the prime of life, he replied, "seventy-nine," and he never worked so hard as in his latter years. Some of the most famous statesmen and lawyers have won the best part of their fame in old age, and their minds seem to have grown stronger with the years. There are exceptions due to disease; but it is the idler through the spring and summer of life who may anticipate a decay of his faculties as the days of winter approach.

How to guard against waste is the difficulty. It is not the eternal plodder who turns his mind to the best account. George Eliot's Mr. Casaubon, in spite of his devotion to what he considered learning, was the most intolerable of fools. And if a man is blessed with the large intellect which Dorothea Brooke in her ignorance attributed to Casaubon, there is the danger that he may be tempted to cultivate it at the expense of his heart, which is the worst kind of waste.

Waste of mind may be due to frivolity, but it may be caused also by a culture that is more ambitious than wise. We want to know about too many things in the present day, and are content that our knowledge should be superficial so long as it supplies us with food for conversation. A man is ashamed to say he is totally ignorant of a subject about which everyone is talking, and therefore, instead of considering whether it is worth knowing, he "crams" for society. In one sense, as I have observed already, we cannot know too much, the deepest intellect is also the most expansive; but in days of infinite distraction, of magazine theology, of exhaustless publications and superficial books, of sensational fiction and society gossip, the temptations to waste the mind under the plea of improving it are well-nigh irresistible. The Vicar of Wakefield's eldest daughter thought she was well-skilled in controversy because she had read the disputes—in "Tom Jones"—between Thwackum and Square, the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, and the discussion in Defoe's "Religious Courtship." It is possible, despite the vaunts of culture daily sounded in our ears, that there are readers who have so wasted their minds on trivial matters as to resemble Olivia Primrose in their incapacity for understanding how ignorant they really are.

J. D.

Sir W. W. Hunter, the Indian historian, has been elected a member of the Council of the East India Association.

The Duke of Norfolk has given another £50, making a total of £550, towards the special outlay required at the Baltimore Fishing School, county Cork.

The Duchess of Albany, in the absence of Princess Louise through indisposition, visited Bath on June 13 and opened an important addition to the bathing establishment of the city. On the following day her Royal Highness opened at Trowbridge a Jubilee Townhall, presented by Mr. W. Roger Brown.



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ART NOTES.

PICTURES AND SCULPTURE.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries (160, New Bond-street), Mr. Walter May exhibits a collection of water-colour drawings, of which the north of Ireland furnishes the principal subjects. The shores of Lough Swilly with its richly-wooded sides are picturesque enough to attract not only the artist, but also the tourist; and at Buncrana, of which Mr. May gives a pretty view as seen from Killegan Bay (5), there are resources enough to beguile the tedium of a summer's holiday. Of Shane Castle, the great attraction near Drogheda, there is no direct view, but we get from its grounds a delightful peep of the Boyne (56), which calls up all sorts of recollections. Lough Swilly itself furnishes not a few noteworthy halting-places or objects for excursions, of which "Dunaff Head" (58), "Rathmullan" (60), and "Inch Island" (43); are not the least attractive. These spots and others Mr. May recalls with his light and pleasant pencil, never exaggerating the features of the scenery, but occasionally, as we think, lowering its colours and distances. The tones of an Irish landscape have a beauty of their own, and, without being as rich as those of Scotch scenery, they often possess a softness which cannot be outdone in any other part of the three kingdoms.

Mr. May has wandered far and wide, sketch-book in hand, and, in addition to his sketches in the North of Ireland, he has brought back with him some pleasant memories of other lands, amongst which may be mentioned those of the famous "Loo Rock off Funchal" (45), in the island of Madeira; "The Rocky Coast of St. Malo" (52); the still waters of Holland, and still more homely spots on the Thames and Medway.

In the same galleries some thirty or more busts by Mr. Conrad Dressler deserve more attention than such work usually attracts. Although only in plaster, the busts have been so skilfully coloured as to give a very fair idea of the effect they will produce when cast in bronze. Mr. Dressler's aim has been to furnish the nucleus of a collection of busts of our leading men, and in the treatment of each head he has displayed far more individuality than might have been expected. The self-imposed ordeal has been fairly met, and we must congratulate the sculptor upon the result. In so wide a range of subjects, it is obvious that success in some cases would be greater than in others; and amongst these we are inclined to place the busts of Mr. Ford Madox-Brown, Mr. William Morris, Professor Flower, Mr. Ruskin, Dr. Ernest Hart, and Mr. E. A. Bond. Among the less successful, though by no means the less clever, are those of Lord Halsbury, Mr. Haweis, and Archdeacon Farrar; but it may be fairly said that types so absolutely dissimilar cannot commend themselves with equal force to the same delineator. Mr. Dressler works not only with strength and knowledge of his art, but he manages to throw into his faces a suggestion of life and movement which recalls the best work of the modern French school of sculpture. We cannot too gratefully recognise the need of such influence in our national art, too long kept down under the dull weight of German statuary, to which our streets and public buildings bear too obvious witness. We advise all who take an interest in modern sculpture to see the collection now

on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, for in it they will find the promise of a brighter future for this branch of art.

Mr. Ives, an American artist, who has studied long in Rome, desires, apparently, to challenge comparison, at the Burlington Gallery (27, Old Bond-street), between his work and that of English sculptors. Unfortunately, his choice of subjects renders it difficult to compare his work with that of Mr. Dressler. Mr. Ives, it may be said, is not a disciple of his fellow-countryman, Mr. W. W. Story; and we miss in his work the massive grandeur which attracted attention to the latter's "Cleopatra" and "The Sibyl," some five-and-twenty years ago. Such works as "Undine"—the best of all Mr. Ives's productions—the nymph "Egeria," and "Pandora," show rather the traditions of Canova's emasculate classicism, combined with a curious and misplaced realism in the treatment of details. The "Undine," however, suggested by De La Motte Fouqué's description—"the rising form of a pale female veiled in white," is a very graceful figure, of which the drapery especially is treated with great delicacy and refinement, and may be fairly taken as a good instance of what the modern Roman school is capable. That in all respects it falls short of the French school is not surprising.

It is difficult to decide whether we are to take *au sérieux* the paintings of M. Pertuiset, the lion slayer, now on view at the Gainsborough Gallery (25, Old Bond-street), or to regard them as the legitimate successor of Mr. Furniss's Academical works of last year. M. Pertuiset has apparently travelled in many lands and seen many strange sights, for at one moment we find him doubling Cape Horn and recording his impression of "Desolation Island" (2); at another he is crossing the great "Desert of Atacama" (51), of which the *accidents de terrain* seem singularly prosaic and European, whilst at other moments he treats us in a general way to the "Coast of Araucania" (12), "The Grand Prairies" (30), and scenes described as "Aux Indes" (25), "Au Pacifique" (18), and "Méditerranée" (26). It is, therefore, somewhat difficult to test by one's own or others' knowledge the accuracy of M. Pertuiset's pencil; but if we infer that in his treatment of scenery he has been as scrupulous not to exaggerate Nature as in his drawing of animals, we may add that most of the spots he has visited are somewhat tame and dull. The qualities which rendered M. Tartin de Tarascon so attractive to himself and his neighbours are altogether wanting in M. Pertuiset. The "noble" lion looks in his pictures little else than an undignified cat; the lordly tiger has no more grace than a zebra's foal; whilst the elephant, as depicted in "Après Moi" (32), would fail to inspire wonder or terror to a certificated scholar of the second grade. M. Pertuiset tells us that he is an impressionist, accentuating the fact by the exhibition of half-a-dozen of M. Manet's works beside his own. If these be the impressions he has brought back with him from Patagonia, India, Africa, and elsewhere, where he seems to have gone in search of wild beasts and wild Nature, we can only say that other travellers have strangely misled us, and allowed us to become the victims of their terrors. M. Pertuiset, we are told, began life as a lion-hunter, and took to painting late in life. Perhaps this is the secret of his work. He had triumphed over so many dangers and difficulties in his earlier years that he could see none in his subsequent career; but still more

probable is it that our English eyes and taste are not yet trained to the style of art which M. Pertuiset produces. French critics have found in his work much to admire. For example, M. Albert Wolff, who stands in the first rank, finds that M. Pertuiset has, without the slightest technical instruction, succeeded in producing some most remarkable pictures—in which the animals are represented artistically, and the landscape is often startlingly good in its qualities of breadth and tone; "Aurélien Scholl" declares the value of M. Pertuiset's work to be incontestable, and that he is an *indépendant* in the full and good sense of the term. Two, at least, of his works, the "Tigre au Repos" (6) and "Roméo et Juliette" (19)—a lion entering the boudoir of a lioness—were exhibited at the Salon, and consequently must have obtained a certain amount of approval. Under the circumstances, therefore, we cannot but urge our readers, artists and amateurs, to judge for themselves of the value of work which M. Pertuiset's fellow-countrymen seem to appreciate so highly.

ART MAGAZINES.

The opening paper in the *Magazine of Art* for June is entitled "More Thoughts on our Art of To-day," and is by G. F. Watts, R.A. It is headed by a capital woodcut from the bust of the artist, by Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A., now in the Royal Academy Exhibition. Under the head of "Current Art," the editor continues his criticisms on the present Academy Exhibition. Like a good-natured critic he praises all the good pictures and does not condemn the bad ones; but his judgment on the exhibition as a whole is, perhaps, open to question, and he is certainly wrong in describing Mr. Orchardson's picture of the "Young Duke" as "of the time of the French Empire." The illustrations to the article are excellent. The frontispiece to this number is an etching after Rembrandt, "A Family Portrait."

The second part of Royal Academy pictures which is issued as a supplement to the *Magazine of Art* is also published this month.

There is much variety in the contents of the *Art Journal* for June. "The Royal Academy in the Last Century," by the Librarian and Secretary of that institution, is continued, and is of great interest. There is a very readable article, with good illustrations, on "Boscobel and Whiteladies," by J. Penderel-Brothurst, who is presumably a descendant of the Penderels of that ilk. The Royal Academy, being the exhibition of the season, naturally comes in for a full share of notice, and is illustrated with a good reproduction of Mr. Solomon's "Sacred and Profane Love." The articles on the Paris Exhibition are continued, and will prove useful to all such happy mortals as may have the opportunity of studying that great show in detail.

We have received the *Scottish Art Review*, which is rapidly gaining a foremost place among publications of its class; and *Art and Literature*, which also hails from the city of St. Mungo. The latter contains an excellent portrait of Michael de Munkacsy, and a reproduction of Mr. Burne-Jones's "Tower of Brass."

The new number of *Our Celebrities* may be called the Ambassadors' number. It contains portraits of the Russian, German, and French Ambassadors in this country.

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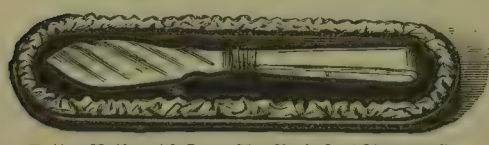
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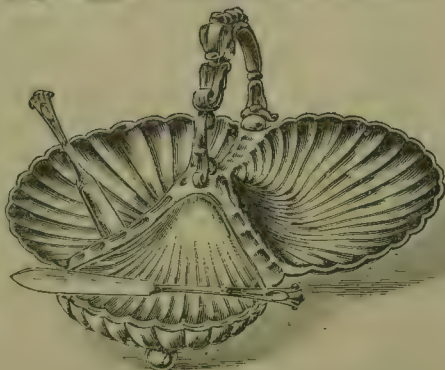
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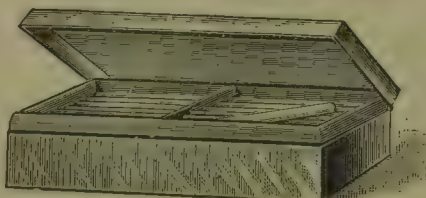


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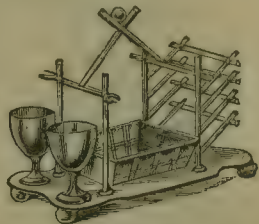


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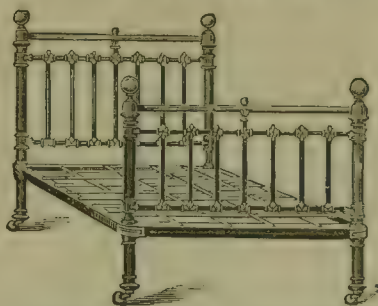


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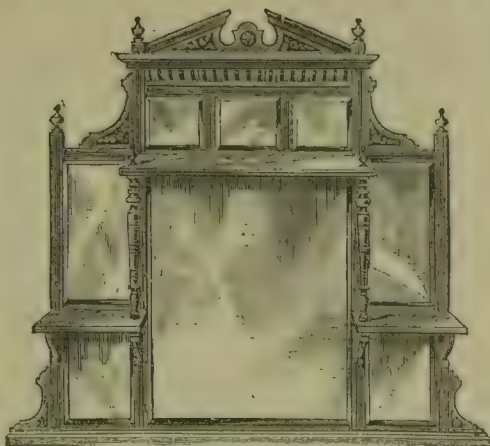
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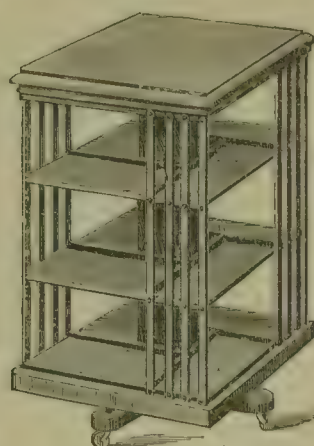
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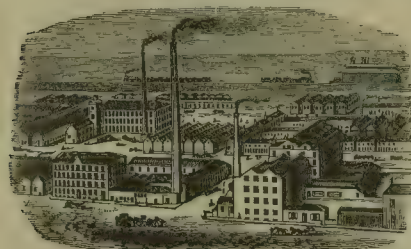
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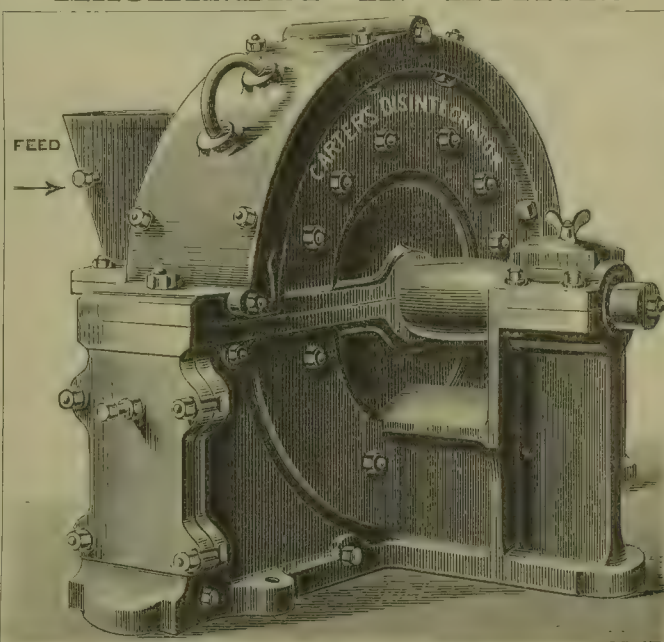
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

It is too late in the day for me to describe the Duke of Portland's wedding, which was one of the smartest "functions" of this uncommonly bright season. Very beautiful is the new young Duchess, with a pose of the head reminding one of the Princess of Wales, and a slender figure "more than common tall," and giving promise of ample dignity of form hereafter, when years have filled in the outlines. We have not many Duchesses; but four of the most beautiful young women alive are amongst them. The Duchesses of Montrose, Leinster, Newcastle, and Portland, each of whom has many of the rich and hopeful years before thirty yet in front of her, are all lovely to look upon. What a satire on the silly story that plain children are mocked by—that beauty is of no consequence! The Duchess of St. Albans, again, is a noted beauty, and the Duchess of Manchester—well, on the occasion of the Shah's last visit he expressed a wish to purchase her Grace, as the most charming member of her sex that his Imperial Majesty at that date saw in this country. Some interesting sketches from the Duchess of Portland's trousseau appear in the *Lady's Pictorial* of June 15.

Winter costume for ladies has long been very manly, but it has been left for this season to carry the imitation of the other sex into summer gowns. For tennis and boating, loose shirts of striped flannel or white serge, with turn-down collars and knotted ties, are worn doubtless with much more comfort than any closely-fitting bodices; but it was surely unnecessary for girls going to Epsom to wear stiff-starched fronts under loose cut-away coats, and still less is it excusable to copy male fashion thus for the promenade in the park. Yet shirts—veritable white and striped linen shirts—have made their appearance in both those places in considerable numbers. The jackets worn with them are generally either of striped tennis flannel or cream or blue estamine serge. Some are turned back with revers sloping from the shoulder down "to nothing" at the waist; while others are made to fasten with a single button at the chest, the edges beneath falling loose, and above turned back as a lying-down collar. In either case, the shirt-front is visible from neck to waist. An upright "masher" collar to the shirt seems most popular; and either a little made-up white or coloured bow, or a loosely-knotted scarf with the ends hanging down, finishes off the throat.

As if to contrast with such stiff "aping the man," this season's truly feminine materials, the light, graceful, delicate-coloured fabrics that, being judiciously chosen and well made, will render even a plain and awkward woman pretty and graceful to look at—these are more charming than ever. The zephyrs, the best sort of cotton fabric for every costume purpose, are as dainty in design and finished in surface as silks; while as to the foulard silks, which four out of every six well-dressed women are wearing for walking and Park driving, they are soft and pretty to the highest degree. A new kind of zephyrs are in brocade patterns. Foulards have, usually, somewhat "pronounced" patterns; what is called "vermicelli," little round white stripes meandering on a dark-blue or grey or plum coloured or green ground, or the more erratic "lightning," in which the white splashes about on the dark ground in zigzags, with sharp curves, are popular patterns. Little sprays, isolated blossoms, or tiny bouquets of flowers, are much admired in the foulard designs; and I have received from a Paris correspondent an admiring account of a dress in which the Princess of Wales was seen at the Exhibition, which was a foulard with a dark grey ground, patterned thickly with autumn foliage in red and brown tints.

Floral patterns have almost banished stripes, and in that tasteful fabric for garden-party wear, muslin de laine, sprays and bouquets of flowers are almost universal. Full sleeves and very often gathered and pleated bodices are features of the making in these soft stuffs. A sleeve full to below the elbow and there put into a deep tight cuff, or a sleeve full to the wrist and gathered and tied round with ribbon in three places, the lowest forming the cuff, are simple and pretty. Vast quantities of lace are still used on what are called in general terms "washing materials" (though, as to many of them, to wear them after washing is impossible), and embroidery, both ordinary Madeira work and that of more elaborate construction, is employed for panels and laid flat on bodices to finish off folds or edge revers.

Bordered materials are very popular, especially in the light woollens for the "tailor-made" class of gowns. Flat sides to the skirts, a front almost or quite plain, edged along the bottom with a band of passementerie or with the edging of the material, the latter forming a footing also to the back drapery, and either revers or a sloping trimming on the bodice—these are characteristics of the make of these materials. Or the border can be used to make a vest and collar and a plain front to the skirt, and also folded edges down either side of the plain back drapery.

At a crowded and smart party in Albert-gate Mansions recently, a happy thought to keep the rooms cool was put into execution. The windows were open all the way along the suite of rooms, and on the balconies were placed huge blocks of ice, partially surrounded by tall ferns and palms and growing flowers, especially white azaleas. Screens arranged on one side of each window tempered the cool air for those afraid of chills, and also formed backings for the tall stands on which stood red-shaded lamps giving forth a becoming light—all that there was in the rooms—sufficiently brilliant without glare. Thus, though it was a crowded party, the rooms were quite pleasantly cool.

Certainly women do some very foolish things. The only comfort when one feels a little ashamed about them is to reflect that, as immortal Mrs. Poyser said, "Women are fools: God A'mighty made 'em to match the men." Very silly, for instance, was the telegram lately sent to the Queen by six ladies, asking her Majesty to order that Irish tenants who do not pay their rents shall in future not be evicted. Any schoolgirl knows, not merely that the Queen has no power to interfere with the execution of the laws of the land, but, further, that our great struggles for constitutional liberty have all raged over that very point, and that our national freedom hangs on the incapacity of the Sovereign to arbitrarily interfere with the operation of the law and the execution of it by the Judges.

Then there was the "literary ladies' dinner," at which, apparently, no "literary ladies" were present. A Miss Morton had the happy thought of asking all the famous women writers of the day to this dinner, adding to the invitation that each of them must pay half-a-guinea for her own ticket. The result was like that of calling spirits from the vasty deep: anybody can invite literary ladies to a dinner for which they themselves are to pay; but will they come? They did not, on this occasion; but some people went. The names of the diners for the most part convey no ideas to the general public. A Mrs. Smith—the distinguished literary lady in question is differentiated as Mrs. Michael of that ilk—proposed a toast—"The Martyrs of Modern Life"—which was meant as a synonym for married women! Seven of the ladies smoked after dinner! There can be no reason why women

should not have symposia of their own, but there is every reason why they should not make a boast and a show of it, and why they should not indulge in frothy rubbish for toasts and speeches. Men do not make a call on the attention of the human race whenever they perform the feat of amusing themselves for a few hours without female society; why should these ladies make such a marvel of their analogous performance? And what should we think of the brains of men who proposed a toast insulting all wives by sympathising with their husbands for being married?

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

SALE OF TENNYSON MANUSCRIPTS.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge sold, on June 15, at their rooms, Wellington-street, Strand, half-a-dozen manuscripts of Lord Tennyson. The first was the original autograph MS. of the dedication of his poems to the Queen. This varies in many lines and words from the original published version. It contains two unpublished verses, and has many lines and words erased and altered. At the end is a short note as follows:—"My dear Moxon,—I send you the three last stanzas of the dedication. Ought not all the you's and the your's and the her's to be in capitals?—A. Tennyson." The second was the MS. of "The Daisy," occupying four and a half pages octavo. It contains several lines that were omitted in the published version, and also a few erasures. The third was the MS. of "The Letters," two pages octavo, also containing a few alterations from the printed form. The fourth was the MS. of Stanzas to the Rev. F. D. Maurice, two pages octavo. The fifth was Tennyson's poem "The Brook," eight pages octavo. This MS. contains a few alterations from the printed form. The sixth and last MS. was that of "Maud," 16 pages quarto and 4½ pages octavo, but not the complete poem. This MS. contains in many cases complete verses that were never published, and there are many alterations and erasures. There was a brisk competition for these interesting documents, which sold as follows:—No 1, The Dedication to the Queen, £30 (Hay); No. 2, "The Daisy," £24 10s. (Robson); No. 3, "The Letters," £18 10s. (Robson); No. 4, "Stanzas to Rev. F. D. Maurice," £23 (Hay); No. 5, "The Brook," £51 (Pearson); No. 6, "Maud," £111 (Barker).

From Warasdin, in Croatia, it is reported that a spinster named Catharina Dominico, aged eighty-three, has been led to the matrimonial altar by a tramway-conductor of that district thirty-seven years her junior. To make the case still more imposing, the bride was accompanied to church by her mother, who is no less than 117 years of age! The old lady is said to have been in an ecstasy of delight at having been allowed to live long enough to see her "child" married.

The German steamer Saale arrived in New York on June 15. She narrowly escaped collision with an iceberg on June 11 at 11.15 p.m., in latitude 43 deg., longitude 50 deg. The steamer was moving on in a fog, with indications of ice, at half-speed, a careful look-out being kept, when ice was discovered ahead and also on the port bow. Then a moment later an iceberg loomed 50 ft. high on the port bow. The steamer swung to starboard, cleared the mass, and slid along its northern edge amid fragments of ice, the iceberg being fully a quarter of a mile square and full of pinnacles and projections. The Saale broke through one projection. On leaving the iceberg the steamer was hoisted to and carefully examined, but found intact. She then proceeded on her course, reaching Sandy Hook on June 14.

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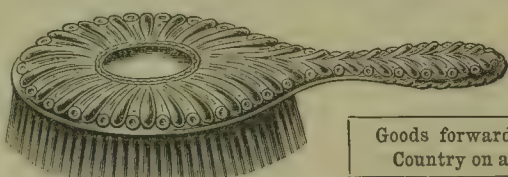
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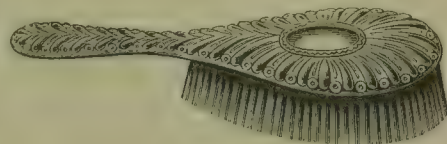
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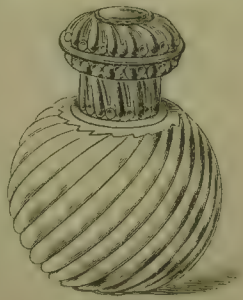
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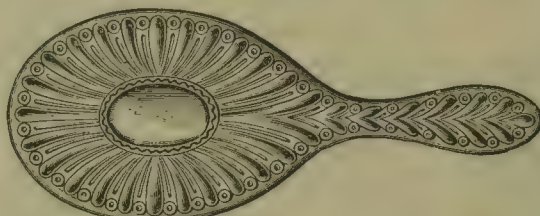


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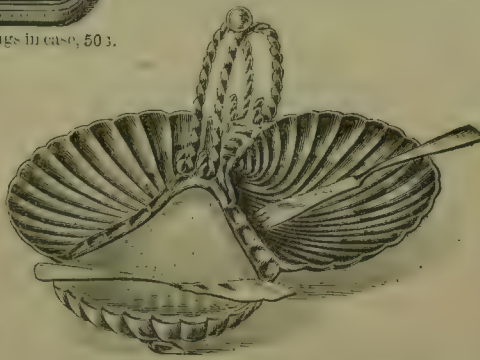
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grades, in which Maple and Co. are able to offer exceptional
value, comprise well-made suites in walnut, ash, satin walnut,
light and dark oak, and other woods, as well as in plain and
decorated enamel. Many of the suites have quaint and
original arrangements of cupboards and shelves, affording
artistic effects much liked.
BEDSTEADS From 8s. 9d.
BEDSTEADS to 65 guineas.
MAPLE and CO. have seldom less than
Ten Thousand BEDSTEADS in Stock, comprising some
600 various patterns, in sizes from 2½ ft. 6 in. to 5 ft. 6 in. wide,
ready for immediate delivery—on the day of purchase, if
desired. The disappointment and delay incident to choosing
from designs only, where but a limited stock is kept, is thus
avoided.
MAPLE and CO.—300 BRASS and IRON
BEDSTEADS, fitted with bedding complete, in show-
rooms to select from. Strong iron bedsteads from 8s. 6d. to
10 guineas; brass bedsteads from 70s. to 40 guineas; 10,000
in stock.—Tottenham-court-road, London; and Paris.
TWO NOVELTIES for 1889.
CARPETS WOVEN in SQUARES.
CARPETS WOVEN by NEW LOOMS.
MAPLE and CO. have much pleasure in introducing
two novelties in Square Carpets, in which the appearance and
durability of the fabric is greatly improved, while the cost is
considerably lessened. BRUSSELS and WILTON SQUARE
CARPETS have hitherto been made by the different widths
being sewn together, and then a border being added. This
has occasioned a number of joints, besides great waste in
matching.
SEAMING and ALL WASTE AVOIDED.
By the new looms this waste is obviated, and the Carpets
will wear better, as the ridges at the seams will be dispensed
with. By one of the new looms carpets can be woven any
ordinary length and 12 ft. wide without seam, thus introducing
a new era in carpet weaving.
PARQUET WILTON CARPETS.
PARQUET BRUSSELS CARPETS.
Purchasers of these new carpets will not only have the
advantage of enhanced effect and increased durability; but,
the waste in "matching" being avoided, the exact quantity of
material paid for will be found in the carpet, and can be
measured up on the floor.
MAPLE and CO. are now showing these
New Productions in a great variety of designs and
colourings, in different sizes, and strongly recommend them
to the notice of their patrons and friends who are about buy-
ing carpets.—MAPLE and CO., Warehouse for Carpets of
English Manufacture.
MAPLE & CO.
INEXPENSIVE NOVELTIES.
ARTISTIC FURNITURE, substantially
made, but quite inexpensive. Arrangements for their
new production Maple and Co. have studied especially to
meet the requirements of those who, while desiring to furnish
in good taste, do not wish to incur great expense.
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INEXPENSIVE SUITES.
MAPLE and CO.'S Dining-room Furniture, even in the
least costly grades, will be found well made and finished, and
of a most substantial character. Strongly-made suites, with
comfortable elbow-chairs, in leather, from 8 guineas. An
immense variety always on show, ready for immediate
delivery.
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INEXPENSIVE FURNITURE.
The assortment of Drawing-room Furniture comprises
every variety of comfortable stuffed Easy Chairs, at from 24s.
each; Couches, at from 50s.; pretty Occasional Chairs, Tables,
Overmantels, Cabinets, and Writing Tables, all at most
moderate prices; as well as complete suites in tapestry, velvet,
Mogador cloth, and silks, at from 10 guineas upwards.
MAPLE and CO., Manufacturers.
DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE.
MAPLE and CO.—DRAWING-ROOM
FURNITURE.—The Drawing-room and Boudoir afford
greater scope than any other parts of the home for the exer-
cise of individual taste and preference, and in furnishing
them it is essential that the harmony of style, texture, and
colouring should be unbroken. These rooms, in fact, are
indices to the refinement and good taste of the lady of the
house.
NEW DESIGNS in CRETONNES.
CRETONNES.—The New Cretonnes exhibit
unique effects in imitation of old Florentine cut velvets,
while others are reproductions of Indian, Egyptian, and
Moorish, as well as Louis XIV. and LOUIS XVI. designs,
invaluable for wall decorations, draperies, or curtains.—
MAPLE and CO., London and Paris.
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USEFUL PRESENTS.
MAPLE and CO. invite an Inspection of
their magnificent Collection of Ornamental and Useful
Articles, suitable for Birthday, Wedding, and Complimentary
Present, which will be found to be the best and most com-
plete in London.
MAPLE and CO.—PICTURES, OIL
PAINTINGS, and WATER COLOURS, by rising
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Statuary, modern and from the antique, by celebrated Italian
sculptors. A magnificent collection on view.
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FURNITURE for EXPORTATION.
HUNDREDS of THOUSANDS of POUNDS'
worth of manufactured GOODS ready for immediate
delivery. All goods marked in plain figures for net cash—a
system established fifty years.—MAPLE and CO., Tottenham-
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VISITORS as well as MERCHANTS are
INVITED to inspect the LARGEST FURNISHING
ESTABLISHMENT in the WORLD. Hundreds of thousands
of pounds' worth of Furniture, Bedsteads, Carpets, Curtains,
&c., all ready for immediate shipment. Having large space,
all goods are packed on the premises by experienced packers,
very essential when goods are for exportation to insure safe
delivery. The reputation of half a century.
MAPLE and CO., Upholsterers by Special
Appointment to her Majesty the Queen. The res-
tauration of half a century. Factors: Beaumont-place, Euston-
road; Southampton-buildings; Liverpool-road; Park-street,
Islington, &c.—Tottenham-court-road, London; Paris;
Smyrna, Buenos Ayres.

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From Victoria and London Bridge Termini.
Also Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison-road).
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available eight days.
Cheap Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Season Tickets.
Available by all Trains between London and Brighton.
Cheap First-class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday
From Victoria 10 a.m., Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car.
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Admission to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.
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Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations
On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

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AND EASTBOURNE.—Cheap Fast Trains every week-
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Clapham Junction. Returning by any train same day.
Special Fast Trains every Sunday from London Bridge
9.25 a.m., New Cross 9.30 a.m., Victoria 9.25 a.m., Kensington
(Addison-road) 9.10 a.m., and New-cross 9.30 a.m., and East
Croydon 9.30 a.m. Returning by certain Evening Trains same
day only.
Special Day Return Tickets, 15s., 10s. 6d., and 6s.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.
VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
PARIS IN NINE AND A HALF HOURS.
Special Express Day Service Weekdays and Sundays.
London to Paris (1 & 2 Class), Paris to London (1 & 2 Class),
Victoria .. dep. 9 a.m. Paris .. dep. 9 a.m.
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Improved Express Night Service Weekdays and Sundays.
London to Paris (1, 2, 3 Class), Paris to London (1, 2, 3 Class),
Victoria (West End) 8.50 p.m. Paris (St. Lazare) 8.50 p.m.
London Bridge (City) 9 p.m. London Bridge (City) 7.40 a.m.
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Fares—Single, First 31s. 7d., Second 25s. 7d., Third 18s. 7d.;
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Powerful Paddle-steamers with excellent cabins, &c.
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.
PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION.
Cheap Fourteen-Day Excursions from Victoria and London
Bridge by the above Service every Saturday Evening.
Return Fares: First Class, 39s. 3d.; Second Class, 30s. 3d.;
Third Class, 23s. 3d.
Tickets at the same fares are also issued every Saturday
from all other principal Stations on the London, Brighton, and
South Coast Railway, by all Ordinary Trains to Newhaven, in
time to connect with the above Service.
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Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit
All the principal places of interest on the Continent.
FOR FULL PARTICULARS see Timebooks
and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge,
or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices,
where Tickets may also be obtained.—West-End General
Office, 25, Abchurch-lane, Piccadilly; and 8, Grand Hotel,
buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays Agency, Cornhill; Cook's
Office, Ludgate-circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.
(By Order) A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.
GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.
TOURIST, FORTNIGHTLY, and FRIDAY or SATUR-
DAY TO TUESDAY TICKETS are issued by all Trains to
YARMOUTH, LOWESTOFT, CROMER, Clacton-on-Sea,
Walton-on-Naze, Dovercourt, Harwich, Felixstowe, Aldersburgh,
Southwold, and Hunstanton.
CHEAP DAY TRIP to the SEASIDE.—TO CLACTON-ON-
SEA, WALTON-ON-NAZE, and HARWICH, DAILY, leaving
LIVERPOOL-STREET at 9.10 a.m., Sundays; 8.25 a.m. on
Mondays; and 7.45 a.m. on other days.
For full particulars see Timebooks and Handbills.
London, June, 1888. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.
PLEASURE CRUISE to NORWAY,
visiting the North Cape to see the Midnight Sun. The
Orient Company will dispatch their large full-powered steam-
ship Chimboraço, 3670 tons register, 3000-horse power, from
London on July 17, calling at Leith on July 19, for Lerwick,
North Cape, Hammerfest, Tromsø, Trondhjem, Molde, Nars,
Gudvangen, Bergen, Odde, Gothenburg, Copenhagen, arriving
in London on Aug. 14. The steamer will be navigated through
the "Inner Lead"—i.e. inside the fringe of islands off the
Coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water.
The Chimboraço is fitted with the electric light, hot and
cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order.
Managers—F. GREEN and Co., 13, Fenchurch-avenue;
ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and Co., 5, Fenchurch-avenue, London,
E.C. For further particulars apply to the latter firm, or to the
West-End agents, GRINDLAY and Co., 55, Parliament-st., S.W.
GENEVA.—Hôtel and Pension Belle Vue.
Oldest reputation as first-class pension. Middle of large
sheltered garden. Salons, billiard-rooms, perfect. Terms,
5s. a day. Write for Prospectus to JAS. SATERLIN, Proprietor.
LUCERNE.—Hôtels Schweizerhof and
Lucernerhof. An extra floor and two new lifts added
to the Schweizerhof. The electric light is supplied in the 50
rooms; no charge for lighting or service.
HANS KERN, Proprietors.
MALOJA, UPPER ENGADINE,
SWITZERLAND.
The Grand HOTEL KURSAL. Contains over 350 bed-
rooms, spacious and magnificent salons, lawn-tennis courts,
sun pavilions and shelters, glass-covered galleries, lift, band,
electric light, English system of drainage. Boating, picnics,
level promenades. English resident physician. English
church. Apply for terms to the Proprietor.
MANAGER, Maloja-Kursaal, Switzerland.
MILAN.—Hôtel de Rome. Admirably
situated on the Corso, full south, close to Duomo, Scala,
and Galleries. Warmly recommended to English travellers
for its comfort and moderate charges.
BORELLA BROTHERS, Proprietors.
MÜRREN, Switzerland.—Grand Hôtel des
Alpes. Altitude, 1650 yards. One of the most beautiful
spots in Switzerland. This Hotel is just rebuilt in stone,
and has all modern improvement and electric
light in every room. Nearest English Club in the Alps.
St. Moritz, Museum. Telephonic communication with the Hôtel
Steinbach, Lauterbrunnen.
NEUCHÂTEL, Switzerland.—Grand
Hôtel Belle Vue. First-class. Beautiful position,
bordering the lake. Pension prices the whole year round.
Express train from Paris. Comfort and good cuisine.
Omnibus. ELSKES, Proprietor.
PONTRESINA, Engadine, Switzerland.
Hôtel Steinbach. In the upper part of Pontresina.
Healthy situation. Moderate charges. Bath-room. Good
drainage and ventilation. Nearest hotel to the Bernina Pass.
Morteratsch glacier, and Piz Landgaurd.
WHAT IS YOUR CREST and MOTTO?
Send name and county to GULFON'S Heraldic
Office. Painting in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. PEDIGREE
TRACE. The correct colours for liveries, Arms of husband
and wife blended. Crests engraved on seals and dies. Book-
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GULFON'S HERALDIC BOX OF CRESTED
STATIONERY—a Half-ream of BEST QUALITY Paper
and SQUARE ENVELOPES, all stamped IN COLOUR with
Crest or Address. No charge for engraving steel die. Wedding
and Invitation Cards. A card-plate and 50 best Visiting
Cards, 2s. 8d.—T. GULFON, 25, Cranbourn-street, London, W.C.
WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES.
An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks at
reduced prices sent free on application to
JOHN WALKER, 77, Cornhill; and 230, Regent-street.
HOOPING-COUGH.
CROUP.
ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION.
THE celebrated effectual cure without
internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W.
EDWARDS and SON, 157, Queen Victoria-street, London,
whose names are engraved on the Government Stamp.
Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.
Price 2s. 6d., post-free.
DISEASES OF THE VEINS, more especially
of Venosity, Varicose, Hemorrhoids, and Varicose
Veins, and their Medical Treatment. By J. COMPTON
BURNETT, M.D.
JAMES EPPS and Co., 170, Piccadilly; and 48, Threadneedle-st.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 18, 1888), with a codicil of the same date, of Mr. William Henry Cole, late of No. 64, Portland-place, and West Woodhay House, Newbury, Berks, who died on May 21, was proved on May 31 by Mrs. Jane Cole, the widow, Alfred Clayton Cole, the son, and Francis Stephen Clayton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £258,000. The testator gives £200 to Francis Stephen Clayton; £300 to each grandchild; his estates in Norfolk to his son Alfred Clayton Cole; his household furniture, pictures, &c., to his wife; and legacies to his gamekeeper and coachman. He leaves to his wife the use, during her widowhood, of his West Woodhay estates, and the income of the residue of his property, subject, during that period, to the payment of annuities of £800 each to his sons and daughters, Alfred Clayton Cole, William Ulting Cole, Jessie Degan Cole, and Edith Cole; and £400 per annum to his daughter Lady Elphinstone, in addition to the provisions made for her by her marriage settlement; but should Mrs. Cole marry again, the annual amount to be paid to her is limited to £1000. On her death or remarriage, he gives the West Woodhay estates to his son, William Ulting Cole; the Malthouse Farm to his son Arthur Clayton Cole; £20,000 to each of his children, Arthur, William, Jessie, and Edith; and the ultimate residue of his property, as to one moiety thereof, between his sons, and the other moiety between his daughters. Should his son Arthur Clayton Cole be a partner in the firm of W. H. Cole and Son, his trustees are to be at liberty to advance him £65,000 for the purpose of carrying on the business.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1885) of Mr. George Arthur Hutton Croft, J.P., late of Aldborough Hall, near Borough-bridge, York, who died on April 8, was proved on May 22 at the Wakefield District Registry by Robert Wharton, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £97,000. The testator gives £1000 and his jewels, personal ornaments, and household furniture, to his wife, Mrs. Catharine Mary Croft; and his house, No. 23, The Esplanade, Scarborough, upon trust, for his daughter, Miss Sydney Hilda Hutton Croft. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay £500 per annum each to his said daughter and his son, Bernard Thomas Hutton Croft, during the life of his wife, and the remainder of the income to her. On his wife's death £30,000 is to be held, upon trust, for his daughter, and the ultimate residue is to go to his son. He also confirms the settlement made on his marriage, and declares that the benefits given to his wife and children by his will are to be in addition and not in substitution to those given by the settlement.

The will (dated Aug. 27, 1888) of Sir Jacob Behrens, late

of Springfield House, Bradford, and of Manchester, who died, at Torquay, on April 22, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on May 21 by Gustave Nathan Behrens, Frederick Behrens, and Harry Behrens, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £83,000. The testator gives £250 and the use and enjoyment of his house, with the furniture and contents thereof, to his daughter Wilhelmina Behrens so long as she shall remain unmarried, and subject thereto he leaves all his property between his children in equal shares, the portions of his daughters to be held in trust for them, for life, and then, as they shall appoint, to their children; but the income of the share of his daughter Wilhelmina, during such time as she shall remain a spinster, is not to be less than £1000 per annum, and in case of it falling below that amount, then it is to be made up from the shares of his other children.

The will (dated Oct. 9, 1884) of Mrs. Margaret Eleanor Pedley, widow, late of Shirley House, Romford-road, Stratford, who died on March 7, was proved on May 31 by Mrs. Emma Twentyman, the daughter, Joshua Pedley and Percy Pedley Hasluck, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £83,000. The testatrix gives £500 each to her daughter, Mrs. Eleanor Pedley, Joshua Pedley, the Rev. George Twentyman, Ann Clifton, Annie Clifton, Margaret Clifton, and Eleanor Clifton. By the powers contained in the will and codicil of her late husband, she appoints certain estates and a sum of £10,000 Consols to her two daughters and her grandchildren. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, for her two daughters, Mrs. Eleanor Pedley and Mrs. Emma Twentyman.

The will (dated Nov. 3, 1887) of Mr. Loftus Wigram Arkwright, J.P., late of Parndon Hall, Essex, who died on May 4, was proved on May 31 by John Wigram and Andrew Caldecott, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £67,000. The testator devises Parndon Hall, and all his real and leasehold estates, upon trust, for his son, Loftus Joseph Wigram Arkwright, on his attaining twenty-five, but Mrs. Arkwright is to have the right of residing at Parndon Hall in the meantime; and the testator's sisters are to have the use, for life, of certain outbuildings and premises at Mark Hall. He bequeaths £1000, and his pictures and prints, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Arkwright; £200 to each executor; legacies to his butler and coachman; and an annuity to his mother-in-law, if she survives his wife. The residue of his property he leaves upon the same trusts as those declared of the proceeds of the sale of any part of his real estate.

The will (dated Dec. 22, 1887) of Mr. Edward Peach William Miles, J.P., late of Stainsbridge House, Malmesbury, Wilts;

No. 79, Gracechurch-street, and Erlwood, Bagshot, who died in New Zealand on March 22, was proved on May 31 by Mrs. Anna Maria Frances Miles, the widow, and Captain Frederick Tremayne Miles, and Captain Archibald Edward Miles, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £43,000. The testator gives all his real and personal estate to his wife, leaving it entirely to her judgment to carry out such of his wishes as he has privately expressed to her.

The will (dated April 30, 1884), with a codicil (dated March 30, 1889), of Colonel Richard Pibbs, late of No. 12, Rutland-gate, Hyde Park, and of Spotfield, Collooney, Sligo, who died on April 9, was proved on May 30 by Richard Renshaw Pibbs, the son, and Charles Green, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £30,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 to his son, Richard Renshaw Pibbs; £5000 to his daughter Isabella Pibbs; £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter Henrietta Pibbs, for life, or until she shall turn Roman Catholic, and on the happening of either of these events £5000 is to go to the Bishop of London's Fund, and £5000 to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; £250 to Charles Green; his household furniture and effects between his two daughters; and bequests to servants. He devises all lands and hereditaments in Ireland, upon trust, for his son, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail. Under certain powers contained in two deeds, he appoints two sums of £10,000 each (or part thereof, as the case may be) to his said son. The residue of his property he leaves to his daughter Henrietta Pibbs.

The will (dated Feb. 8, 1887) of Mr. Henry Pollock, late of No. 18, Hanover-terrace, Regent's Park, formerly one of the Masters of the High Court of Justice, who died on May 15, was proved on May 31 by Mrs. Amelia Pollock, the widow, Charles Frederick Bailey, and Twinhoe William Erle, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £11,000. Subject to gifts of £100 to each executor, and £200 to his daughter, Miss Marian Amelia Pollock, he leaves everything he is possessed of to his wife.

Dr. Brauner, Professor at the Czech University of Prague, has decomposed tellurium, hitherto considered a simple substance, into several elements, to one of which he has given the name 'Austriacum.'

The second batch of twenty-four artisan reporters, representing metropolitan trades, left London on June 15 for Paris, their expenses for a fortnight being paid from the Lord Mayor's Fund. The first party of twenty-five returned on June 17, and the third and last batch of twenty-six will depart on June 29.

MANUFACTURING SILVERSMITHS, JEWELLERS, AND WATCH AND CLOCK MAKERS.

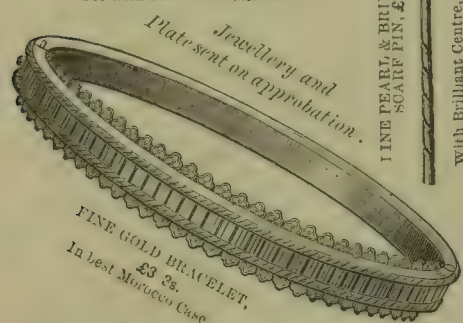
GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, LIMITED,

(Late A. B. SAVORY and SONS) 11 and 12, CORNHILL, LONDON.

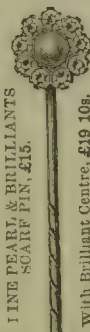
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FINE GOLD "SWALLOW" BROOCH,
Set with Fine Pearls, £2 5s.



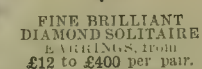
FINE GOLD BRACELET,
In best Morocco Case,
£3 2s.



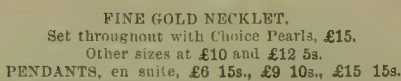
FINE PEARL & BRILLIANTS
SCARF PIN, £15.
With Brilliant Centre, £19 10s.



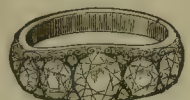
FINE GOLD AND PEARL FLOWER INITIAL
BRACELET,
£4 15s. Any letter to order the same price.



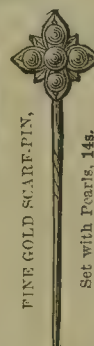
FINE BRILLIANT
DIAMOND SOLITAIRE
EARRINGS, 1000
£12 to £400 per pair.



FINE GOLD NECKLET,
Set throughout with Choice Pearls, £15.
Other sizes at £10 and £12 5s.
PENDANTS, en suite, £6 15s., £9 10s., £15 15s.



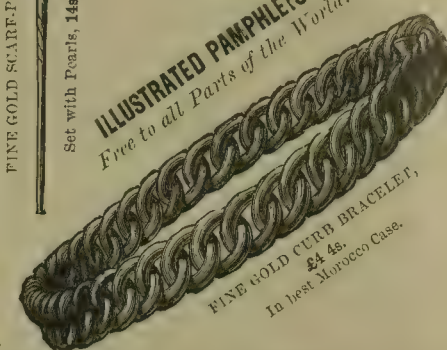
BRILLIANT DIAMOND
RINGS, of the finest quality,
from £7 to £300.



FINE GOLD SCARF-PIN,
Set with Pearls, 14s.



SPRAY BROOCH,
Set with Fine Pearls, in Morocco Case, £4 5s.



FINE GOLD CURB BRACELET,
£4 4s.
In best Morocco Case.

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- Hard and Smooth, delightful to write upon.
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their Saturday afternoons until they tried

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LADDER TAPES.

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Ask for CARR'S STAMPED LADDER WEBS, and see that the name is there.

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It is unrivalled. No cumbersome tripod or plate-holders are needed. It is carried like an ordinary field glass, and with it may be photographed objects moving or at rest, landscapes, animals, interiors of rooms, or cathedrals.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

M. H. Delemarre won the Grand Prize at the Paris Summer Meeting, on June 16, with Vasistas; M. M. Ephrussi's Pourtant being second, and M. A. Lupin's Aéroliette third. Ten others ran. The crowd assembled to witness the race was exceptionally large; and the President of the Republic and Madame Carnot were received with great enthusiasm.

The fifth and last session of the present Spanish Cortes was opened on June 14 in Madrid. The first trial of the strength of parties was in the election of President of the Lower House. The ex-President, Señor Martos, was nominated by a union of all sections of the Opposition, and received 115 votes; the nominee of the Government, Señor Alonso Martinez, supported by the Ministerialists and Republicans, received 237 votes.

The inauguration of the sanitary improvements at Naples took place on June 15, in the presence of the King and Queen of Italy and the Prince of Naples. The city was gaily decorated, and their Majesties met with a most hearty reception. Admiral Sir A. Hoskins and the Commanders of the British Squadron dined with his Majesty in the evening.

The Emperor William arrived at Dresden on June 18, to be present at the festivities in connection with the octocentenary of the Royal House of Wettin. The principal feature of the day's proceedings was a review, when the Emperor, placing himself at the head of his regiment, led the troops past the King of Saxony. His Majesty subsequently witnessed the unveiling of the statue of the late King John from a window of the castle, after which, accompanied by all the other illustrious visitors, he was present at the Army Festival. The Emperor returned in the evening to Berlin.—The anniversary of the death of the Emperor Frederick was observed in Berlin and Potsdam with universal and sincere manifestations of grief on June 15.—The Samoa Conference held its final sitting on the 14th, when the new Treaty was signed by the representatives of Germany, Great Britain, and

the United States. The American Government abandoned the principal objections which it had raised to the arrangement previously arrived at by the Conference.

The Shah visited several of the places of interest at Amsterdam on June 17, accompanied by the Burgomaster; and his Majesty received a number of distinguished personages in audience at his hotel, including the Ministers of the Interior and Foreign Affairs.

The Swiss Commission appointed to report upon the adoption of a new rifle, has recommended the immediate re-equipment of the whole of the Federal troops with weapons after the pattern submitted by Colonel Schmidt, of the Swiss army.

Count Ehrensward, Swedish Minister for Foreign Affairs, has resigned, and Baron G. Akerhielm, one of the members of the State Council, has been appointed his successor. M. Ostergren, Judicial Councillor, has been appointed Swedish Minister of Justice.

The marriage of the Russian Grand Duke Paul and Princess Alexandra of Greece took place on June 16, in the chapel of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. The Emperor and Empress, the King and Queen of the Hellenes, and the Duchess of Edinburgh were present. The wedding was conducted with great pomp and ceremony, and the entry of the affianced bride into the capital on the previous day was a gorgeous pageant.

News has been received at Zanzibar of the arrival of Mr. H. M. Stanley at Ururi, on the south-east shore of the Victoria Lake, after having rejoined Emin Pasha, who was then on the north-east shore. He had heavy losses from sickness on his march to join Emin.

Severe thunderstorms have visited New York, causing great damage and some loss of life. St. James's Cathedral in Brooklyn, was struck by lightning and destroyed.—Heavy storms in Kansas have caused the bursting of a dam, the result being the destruction of Uniontown, where several lives were lost. The railway was damaged, and several bridges were

carried away.—The Grand Jury who have been inquiring into the murder of Dr. Cronin at Chicago have returned a verdict which implicates Alexander Sullivan and three others, all of whom have been apprehended. They also branded the Clan-na-Gael as a society whose object was murder.—The Chippeway Indians on the Mille Lacs Reservation, Minnesota, are on the war-path. Some contractors who had to make an irrigation canal set to work on the Reservation, despite a warning from the Indians that they would not be permitted to do so, and 300 labourers, mostly Swedes, began the digging operations on June 13. The Indians feared that the labourers would drain the lakes and stop their fishing. Accordingly 400 Indians, under White Snake and Great Bear, in full war-paint, and armed with tomahawks and rifles, attacked them. The labourers dropped their spades and fled. The Indians shot and killed seven of them, all Swedes, and wounded several others. Two of the victims were scalped.

The death is announced of the Maharajah of Benares. He was upwards of eighty years of age, and was widely respected by both Europeans and natives. He is succeeded by his adopted son.

In the New South Wales Legislative Assembly on June 14 the Bill providing for the payment of members of Parliament passed the second reading by a majority of thirty votes.

A Reuter's telegram from Melbourne says:—A statement that Major-General Lord William Seymour had accepted the post of Commandant of the Victorian forces is incorrect; the Victorian Government having selected Colonel Alexander Bruce Tulloch to fill the post.

At Ascot, on June 18, the Duke of Portland won the Prince of Wales Stakes with Donovan, winner of the Derby, and the Thirty-second Biennial Stakes with Semolina. Lord Falmouth's Rada won the Thirty-fifth Triennial Stakes, Sir R. Jardine's Lord Lorne the Ascot Stakes, and Mr. L. de Rothschild's Morglay the Gold Vase.

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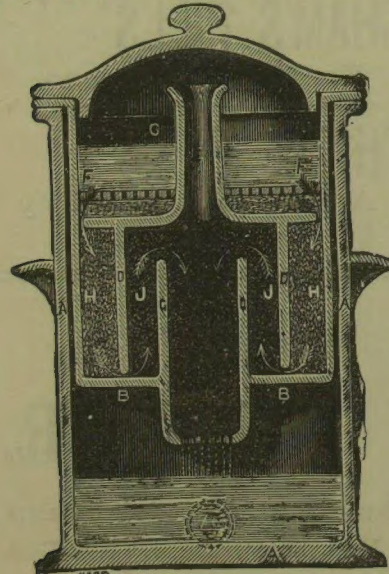
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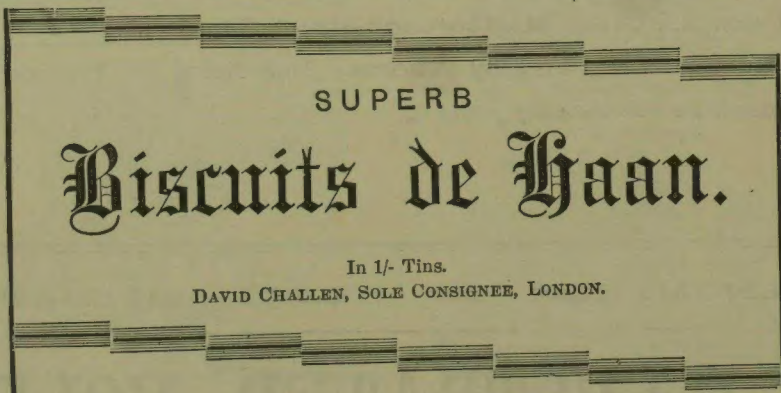
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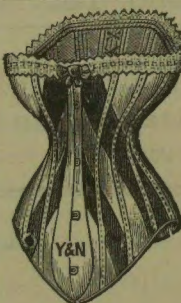
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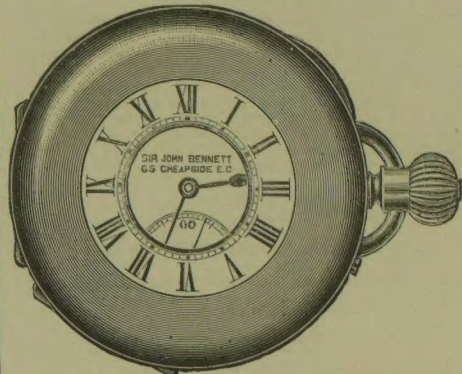
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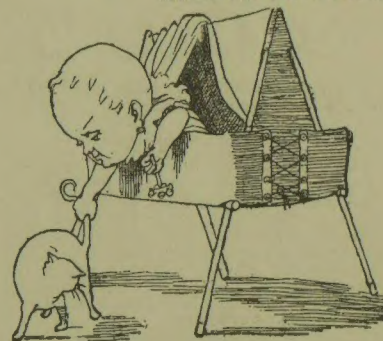
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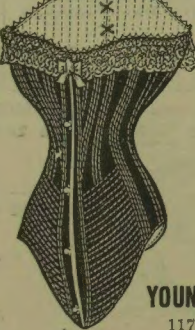
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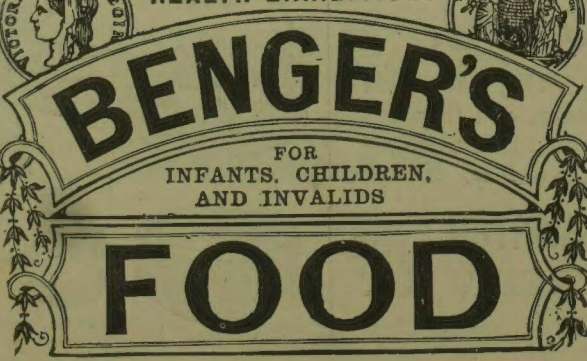
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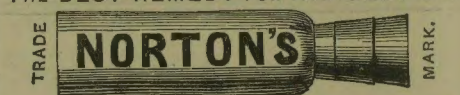


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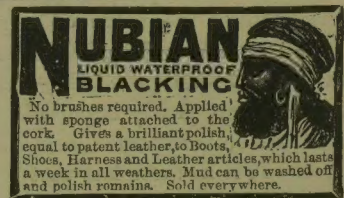
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